

The Nation

VOL. XXXIX.—NO. 1004.

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The Nation.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1884.

The Week.

THERE is a great deal of talk in the canvass about the example the President of the United States should set to the young men of the country. But how is any one man, President or other, to set an example good enough to neutralize the effect on young men's minds of the display of tergiversation, insincerity, hypocrisy, and self-contradiction which scores of our politicians and editors are now giving to the world? Young men are not babes. They know what is going on, and they know that a man who said in April or June that Blaine was not fit to be President because he was dishonest, and is now publicly maintaining that he is fit simply because he has been nominated, is to all intents and purposes an impostor. What, then, is likely to be the effect on the youthful mind of seeing such men respected and listened to? Why do the clergy not take up this great public shame and cry out about it? What offence of any one man can compare as an example to this great conspiracy of many ostensibly good men, to lie, and believe lies, and spread them—to evade, suppress, and distort, and pretend, and make the worse appear the better reason—not in hot blood, not in a passing moment of weakness or of passion, but coldly, deliberately, month after month, on land, on sea, in cars, in steamboats, on the platform, in the newspaper? We would respectfully ask whether they can recall in the history of Christian nations anything quite equal to this as an illustration of the vice of falsehood on a great scale?

Mr. William Walter Phelps is reported by the Paterson *Daily Press* as having discoursed in that town on Thursday evening in the following fashion:

"As for the new batch of 'Mulligan letters,' they showed that Fisher owed Blaine \$25,000 which he would not pay him; that Blaine had not 'suppressed' one of the letters, because he never had it, and that Fisher knew Blaine to be an honest man, as was shown in Blaine's letter enclosing the draft of one which he wished Fisher to sign 'because it was strictly true, was honorable to both, and would stop the mouths of slanderers.' The Democrats didn't want the Republicans to read these letters. They wanted them to skip the letters and only read the Democratic editorials upon them."

Oh, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Phelps! this will never do. You are a man of fortune, a college graduate, a man with a character. Everything is in your favor in the matter of truth-telling. You know better. You know that this is not a correct account of the contents of the "new batch." You know that the *facts* of the case show that Blaine knew he was lying, and was proposing to Fisher to lie, when he said that the contents of his draft letter were "strictly true." You know, too, that when you say that "the Democrats did not want the Republicans to read these letters," you are doing what a man of honor ought not to do. You know that your organ never ventured to publish one line of them till Tuesday week, and then published a garbled version, and that the Blaine papers all

over the country have followed its example. There are things which ought to be more precious to you than Blaine, or Blaine's election, or even than the whole United States. Do not forget them even in this time of excitement.

We have been watching with much interest to see what course Senators Hoar and Hawley and the other defenders of Mr. Blaine's record would follow in reference to the new batch of Mulligan letters. Both those Senators have made speeches recently, but if they have made any allusion to the new letters it has been suppressed in the reports. Ex-Governor Long has, however, tried his hand at them with this result:

"I admit that it would have been better if these letters had not been written, and I do not think it was in good taste, but I have no doubt about it that Blaine wished to prove the truth. If Mr. Fisher had signed the letter, it would have entirely removed the difficulty."

That is, if Fisher had signed a statement which Blaine's own letters prove to have been a lie, "it would have entirely removed the difficulty." What is the matter with Mr. Long? He has too much intelligence not to see both the weakness and the immorality of that statement. Certainly he has too much intelligence not to know that "bad taste" is an inadequate definition of the offence of a man who uses the Speaker's chair as a basis for stock-jobbing operations. And why does he contradict Blaine himself by regretting the writing of letters that Blaine says are "consistent with the most scrupulous honor and integrity"?

Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, has contributed the valuable suggestion to the campaign that Mr. Blaine's securing a bank charter for Fisher and Caldwell was the sort of thing which Congressmen are doing all the time, and that it was a perfectly natural and proper thing to do. It is true that Congressmen often go to the Treasury Department on business of this kind at the solicitation of constituents, but it is not true that they habitually keep an eye out, a year ahead of time, to discover when new bank charters or other good things are likely to be forthcoming, in order to get the start of the public in the distribution of plums. All such Congressmen are fit to be classed with Blaine. We are sure that Mr. Robinson has never done anything of the kind; but seeing no wrong in it when done by somebody else is little better than doing it one's self.

Mahone has been officially recognized as the regular Republican leader of Virginia, and henceforth the kickers in the ranks of the party in that State will receive no sympathy from Steve Elkins, or any other Blaine agent. This is consistent and appropriate. There is not in the whole South a man better fitted to represent Blaineism, with all that the term implies, than Mahone. He is, as Mr. William Walter Phelps eloquently says, the "little Napoleon of Readjustment"—which is a Blaineism for successful repudiator; he is one of the ablest machine politicians which any section of the country has ever produced; and he is a most brazen violator of

civil-service rules. In addition to this, he has used his chair in the Senate for innumerable "private business transactions," the chief of which has been to cast his vote with the party able to give him the most patronage. He has never been a deadhead in any political enterprise, and we are convinced that he could read all the Mulligan letters and not discover a particle of harm in them.

The organization of a Cleveland and Hendricks club among the members of the Produce and Maritime Exchanges is a significant movement. It is the first outward demonstration of the undoubted drift of business men toward Cleveland. Of the club's officers, the President is a Republican, the Treasurer is a Republican, and there are thirteen Republicans on the Executive Committee. The membership at the start is 433, a large proportion of whom have hitherto voted the Republican ticket. These Pharisees say of their "apostasy"

"The Republican members of this club, while claiming to be Republicans of the Abraham Lincoln school—with charity for all and malice toward none—unite with this club, believing that the nomination of James G. Blaine is an eminently unfit one and against the best interest of the country and the American people. And they recommend their fellow-merchants throughout the country to earnestly aid and support the election of Cleveland and Hendricks, whose records for honesty and integrity preeminently fit them for the position of President and Vice-President of the United States."

The expectation is that the club will have 700 members within a few days. They will open a headquarters, distribute documents, and organize similar clubs in the exchanges in other cities. The importance of this movement is emphasized by the fact that its leaders are the men who helped organize the business men's demonstration for Garfield late in the campaign of 1880, after General Hancock's unfortunate utterance on the tariff had shaken the confidence of New York merchants in his knowledge of public questions. It was the support of the merchants which saved Garfield from defeat, and Blaine needs their votes much more than Garfield did.

A very interesting letter upon the situation in Ohio is published in the Boston *Advertiser* from a correspondent at Cleveland. It shows more clearly than we have seen indicated before what an important factor the labor vote is in the problem. The closing of the mines and mills has thrown thousands of men out of employment, and their feeling toward the party in power is consequently not friendly. An iron-worker in Cleveland who heard a Republican campaign orator expatiate upon the benefits of protection turned away, saying: "Aye, me mon, that sounds all so vera well, but me and you voted for Garfield and a high tariff. What has we now? The mills and forges be closing all around, mines be stopping, wages going down, and it looks as if the worst be not here yet." That is the logic which is meeting the Republican stumpers all over the State, and none of them has succeeded in answering it. Another element of trouble is the wool-growers, who complain that the only reduction of duty made in recent

years was made by a Republican Congress, and they do not see how the suffering which it has caused them can be charged to the Democratic party. It looks as if demagogism on the tariff question had about reached its limit, and if it has, the defeat of the Republicans is not far off.

Mr. Carl Schurz's speech in Cincinnati was advertised in the columns of the *Commercial-Gazette*, of that city, with a quarter of a column of extracts from the editorials of the *Commercial* and the *Gazette* of June, 1876. The extracts from the *Commercial* set forth, among other glaring and admitted truths, that "the Blaine letters prove all that he has been charged with"; also, that "the people of the United States may be somewhat demoralized, but they are not so far gone that it can be presumed they will elect President a man who has been on the make in the securities of subsidized roads"; also, that "Blaine's stock-jobbing seems to bear the same relation to the open market that policy playing bears to lottery dealing." The *Gazette* gave its encouragement and endorsement to Mr. Schurz by saying that, "with the pending charges against Mr. Blaine, or, in plainer words, with his own letters standing against him, the *Gazette* could not and would not defend him, and our support of him would be about as valuable as would his own support of himself"; and that "No man can successfully stand before the people of this country as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in this year of grace, 1876, covered all over, as Blaine is, with his own letters and other evidence of a speculative connection with almost every subsidy railroad into which Congress breathed the breath of life." The advertisement ended with the cabalistic characters "se 21-2t-op," which we suppose means September 21, two times, oh-psaw!

President Seelye has written a somewhat obscure article on "Moral Character in Politics" in the *North American Review*. The gist of it is that politicians ought to be good men—that is, that a statesman ought to be willing to "surrender his own advantage to the public good," and ought to be "pure." All this everybody knew before. The question which is perplexing people to-day is, what they are to do if they find that none of the candidates come up to the Seelye standard, and on this he throws but little light. He advises people in that case to cast their votes for a candidate of their own selection, whose character answers their requirements. This would be good enough counsel if the object of voting for a candidate for the Presidency was simply to express the voter's opinion as to the kind of man a President ought to be, and if the object of the counting of the votes was simply to furnish politicians with a great moral lesson. Unfortunately, however, the process of election is the provision of a chief magistrate for a great nation, and it will not wait one hour for the moralists to find a man morally worthy of the place, nor will a bad man, if elected, hesitate for one moment in taking possession of the office, and using it to suit himself, because the moralists think him unworthy. Consequently crying out to people at such a crisis, that they must elect a pure

and upright man, when the one thing they can do is to elect the best man attainable, is one of those "counsels of perfection" which it is, perhaps, the duty of moralists to promulgate now and then for general guidance, but which, when offered for use in a particular case, are apt to make the plain people who have to do the work of the world laugh. President Seelye's production of Bismarck as an example of the pious, pure statesman gives, we confess, a touch of burlesque to an otherwise creditable essay.

Mr. Blaine's newspaper supporters continue to disregard his most earnest wishes. Few of them publish all the last Mulligan letters and some of them suppress the whole batch. The *Chronicle-Telegraph*, of Pittsburgh, says it must decline to bore its readers with "waste paper," and that it will not print them because they are "no longer an issue in the campaign." The Albany *Journal*, which has reprinted the whole of them, after waiting three days, considers them a "new bugaboo," and calls Fisher and Mulligan "as precious a pair of sharpeners as go unhung." The Providence *Journal* has not printed a line of them, but has printed Mr. Blaine's request that every Republican newspaper in the country help on his vindication by publishing them in full. After three days' reflection the *Journal* broke silence on the subject in an editorial paragraph seven and one-half lines in length, expressing the opinion that the letters "contain little that is new, and that the country has already passed judgment upon the matter so far as it affects Mr. Blaine's reputation for integrity." This is a queer way to treat a "vindication," but it strikes us as much better than the *Tribune's*, which was to suppress seven of the letters and then attempt, by printing in black-faced type the most atrocious falsehood which Blaine ever told, to make its readers accept the same as a proof of his innocence.

It is now more than three months since Blaine was nominated, and more than five months since we began, in these columns, the discussion of his fitness for the Presidency as disclosed in the Mulligan letters. Before his nomination and for three months afterward his chief organ, the *Tribune*, refused to publish any of the Mulligan letters or any of the attempted defences of them, on the ground that they were "exploded slanders," and had no bearing upon the present campaign, which was to be above all things else "aggressive." On Saturday the *Tribune* published for the first time all the Mulligan letters, first and second batches, and accompanied them with some editorial comments which are in no sense a defence, but merely a justification on the ground that the transactions between Blaine and Fisher were "simply a series of private business transactions with which the public has no concern." The correspondence fills six columns of the *Tribune* and numbers in all thirty-seven documents. Their forced publication now, in the heat of the campaign, shows that they are, as we predicted they would be, the real issue of the canvass, and the platform upon which Mr. Blaine must be elected or defeated. We trust that every Republican voter will read them carefully, and decide for himself if he thinks they reveal simply "a series

of private business transactions," and if he is prepared to have the White House made the headquarters for more private business of the same kind by electing Blaine President. What is asked of the American people now is a vindication of public morality of the kind which these letters reveal. They are the standard of the Blaine party and would be the standard of a Blaine administration.

As we have said elsewhere, we regard the widest dissemination of these letters as of the greatest importance. The *Tribune's* publication in its daily edition will be of incalculable value, and in its weekly edition would be, of even greater for the readers of the *Weekly Tribune*, who are far from the cities, and who have few opportunities to see any other paper, have as yet been permitted to see none of these letters. The unaccountable withholding of documents which are now declared to be not only innocent, but really creditable, will have the natural tendency to stimulate curiosity to read them, and we are confident that great good will be the result. We are only sorry that the *Tribune* has not accompanied the letters with the text of Mr. Blaine's speech in Congress, defending his course in the Little Rock transaction, made before the letters were produced. Still, if the *Tribune's* readers will compare Blaine's and Fisher's letters with the statement which Blaine tried in vain to get Fisher to sign, they will find much food for reflection.

Keifer is travelling across New York State giving opinions of Cleveland which are the most severe of any uttered recently save those of Dorsey and the Rev. E. D. Winslow, formerly of Boston, but now of Buenos Ayres. Keifer says: "Cleveland is a very unfortunate candidate for his party. There is absolutely nothing of general or national character to be said for him, and he does not have the merit of being unknown. He has no hold on the working classes, who constitute a large factor in the campaign." As for Blaine, Keifer thinks that the charges which have been brought against him "have had no unfavorable influence whatever—they are not believed by any considerable number of people, and are regarded as a poor and feeble attempt to offset the admitted scandals against Cleveland." Keifer does not seem to have been asked his opinion of the Independents, but we have no doubt that it is a very low one.

Keely has stopped work temporarily on the "motor," and begun experiments with a gun. There was an exhibition of the gun at Sandy Hook on Saturday, and it is the unanimous testimony of those present that it actually went off. As none of the visitors, after a long and close study of Keely's inventions, believed beforehand that it would do this, the experiment was naturally looked upon as a great success. Keely says that the "force" in the gun was "etheric vapor," but ordinary scientific people say it was nothing more nor less than compressed air, and that the experiment has merely given fresh evidence that Keely is a fraud. We do not accept this harsh view. Saturday's demonstration has so encouraged the stockholders in the motor that they will pour in fresh subscriptions, and Keely is going

to set to work immediately to build two engines, one of 250 horse-power and one of 500 horse-power, which will be run by "etheric vapor," and within a few weeks the final grand demonstration will come, when all scoffers will be put to shame and a new motive power will be given to the world. Keely says his great trouble has been to "bridle the force," but that he has got it under control at last.

The Egyptian complication has passed into a fresh stage, and a somewhat serious one, by the high-handed repudiation of the liquidation law by the orders of Lord Northbrook and Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Commissioners. Under this law certain branches of the revenue were set apart for the redemption of bonds which are largely held in France, and the interest on which has for some time been seriously threatened, owing to the heavy deficit in the Egyptian income. At the late Conference all proposals for a reduction of it as a relief to the Egyptian taxpayer were rejected by the French representative. The British have taken the bull by the horns, and ordered the pledged receipts to be turned into the Egyptian Treasury for the general expenses of the Government. The indignation this is causing in France may be imagined, and it comes on top of a great deal of Anglophobia which the press has lately been stimulating, and of which a new paper in Paris has actually been started as the organ.

The news that Gordon has relieved himself by defeating the Mahdi's forces, makes the situation in Egypt more sensational than ever, and heightens the romance of Gordon's career. In the meantime, however, Wolseley's preparations for the ascent of the river continue, and are the subject of sharp debate in England. He proposes to take the bulk of the army up the stream in long rowboats carrying twenty men with stores put away in flat cases on the bottom, fitted with awnings, and only drawing fifteen inches of water. They are to be hauled or poled over the cataracts, or, if possible, towed by steamers, one or two stern-wheelers having been sent out from England for that purpose. The opinion of the older explorers, like Sir Samuel Baker, is generally against the scheme, on the ground that the Nile will be too low for it; but they were all or nearly all previously committed to another route—generally the Suakin-Berber route. The advantage which all concede to the Wolseley plan is that it supplies what is the great desideratum of all military operations in Upper Egypt, and that is, water for man and beast. It is the want of this, and this only, and not the climate, which makes marches across the desert for large bodies of men impossible. By sticking to the river, even if progress be slow, this is done away with. But the probabilities are now that Gordon will meet the expedition half way down, drums beating and colors flying, unless, indeed, he sticks to his original plan of staying in Khartum to set up another government such as he approves of.

Even before the news of Gordon's success the reports from the interior showed that the Mahdi's influence was declining. Doubtful tribes were abandoning him, and those which

had remained faithful to the Egyptian Government were becoming more pronounced in their fidelity, largely under the influence of Major Kitchener, an officer of whom doubtless more will be heard hereafter. He has, during the last year, led an extraordinary life, travelling about the desert with a small escort from tribe to tribe, encouraging the wavering, denouncing the hostile, and collecting and forwarding to Cairo the mysterious oral rumors which, in the East, often fill the bazaars with news far in advance of either telegraph or mail, and all the while he has been in daily danger of being murdered or left to perish in the sand. The truth is, that a Mussulman prophet who relies on the sword must succeed quickly if he is to succeed at all, even when he has more civilized material in his following than the Mahdi has. The tribes are, doubtless, getting tired of watching and waiting around Khartum and Suakin for victory which never comes, losing men occasionally, and always standing on the defensive. It is noticeable that Baker Pasha, for whose restoration to the British army a petition with an immense list of signatures was lately presented, and who had managed to secure the deep sympathy of the best drawing-rooms in London, has been left out of the arrangements for the Wolseley expedition. It was confidently expected that he would be employed, but this has been forbidden, probably by the Queen, on the "holier-than-thou" principle. Besides his unfortunate antecedents, he has not been a success in his Eastern warring. His friends say he did wonders both in Turkey and in the Sudan, but somehow the enemy always got the better of him, and there is for a soldier little use in deserving success, if he does not get it.

There is a curious dispute going on in Ireland between the Government and the Corporation of Limerick. During the disturbed period the city was "proclaimed" under the Coercion Act, and additional policemen sent to it, and their cost charged to the borough, and the Common Council was directed to levy a tax to pay it. This the Councilmen refused to do, and have set at defiance a mandamus to compel them, announcing their readiness to go to jail, if they cannot resign, sooner than comply. The Government have reduced the levy but will not forego it altogether. If it is enforced, of course the sole result of any importance—for the sum to be collected is very small—will be the conversion of the Councilmen into popular heroes and martyrs, and the aggravation and renewal of the now declining popular discontent. It is this hardness and want of tact, and unreadiness to be conciliatory at the proper moment, to which fully one-half of the English failures in the Government of Ireland have been due. The effect of saying to the Limerick Corporation that, the troubles being now over, bygones should be bygones, and, as the city was poor, the rate would not be levied, would probably be very happy, and would be a kind of appeal to which Irishmen are very ready to respond. But it goes hard with even the best Englishmen when in power—and Earl Spencer is one of the best—to do this sort of thing.

The Irish Nationalists are making a good deal of uproar over the assertions of Casey, one

of the informers, on whose evidence partly the Joyces were executed for the horrible Maamtrasna murders, in which a whole family except one boy nine years old were massacred. Casey's story is that he was induced to swear as he did by Bolton, the Crown Solicitor, whose unsavory character has lately been exposed in a libel suit; that the Joyces were not guilty; that the witnesses who swore they followed the murderers in the moonlight swore falsely; and that the real perpetrators of the crime are still at large, and so on. Enough interest in his story has been excited to get some of the Catholic clergy, and notably the Archbishop of Tuam, to urge the Lord-Lieutenant to make an investigation, but he declines to do so, and we think justifiably. There was not one of the murder trials of that period in which the evidence was so clear. But the Irish Nationalists are once more going to put themselves in the wrong before the civilized world by making Casey's story the basis of a furious agitation and denunciation of Earl Spencer. Their eagerness for an inquiry would make some impression on mankind if it had ever been shown in the work of detecting the real murderers during the troubles of 1882-83. But, as everybody remembers, every conceivable obstacle to the detection of the murderers was offered by the Nationalists at that period, and everything said and done that could be said and done to throw discredit on all attempts to bring them to justice. In fact, to read the Nationalist press, one would conclude either that no murders at all had been committed or that they had been committed by the police.

The question of the justifiability of cannibalism as a measure of self-preservation will shortly be tried in the English courts. A man named Dudley undertook to take a yacht out to Australia, but she foundered at sea, and he and his crew of two men and a boy took to the boats. They were four days without food, and Dudley then killed the boy, and they all lived on him till they were picked up. Dudley is now to be tried for murder. The case is peculiar because when shipwrecked men begin to think of cannibalism as a means of safety, they usually draw lots, which makes the person killed a consenting party, so to speak, to the arrangement under which he is killed. In this case the boy was not consulted or forewarned till the knife was at his throat. The ethical question, too, is now raised, we believe for the first time, whether shipwrecked people are not bound to die sooner than kill any one else; but we doubt if a jury will have much difficulty in adhering to the old doctrine, that the minority may properly be sacrificed to the majority, or, in other words, that any two men are justified in saving their own lives, in a lawful enterprise, at the cost of the life of a third. In this case, the three survivors were undoubtedly saved by the boy's death, which will tell in the Captain's favor. Anyhow, no fear of future temporal punishment is likely to prevent such occurrences. A man who loves life will always take his chance of the gallows by consuming a friend if death by starvation be imminent. Besides all this, there is the physiological question whether a person who has passed several days without food is in possession of a responsible judgment.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, September 17, to TUESDAY, September 23, 1884, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

THE Naval Court of Inquiry appointed to investigate the circumstances of the collision between the *Tallapoosa* and the Baltimore schooner, finds that the *Tallapoosa* did all in her power to avoid the collision, and that the blame for the collision rests with the schooner. The Navy Department approves the finding of the court.

Colonel Dudley, Commissioner of Pensions, has resigned to engage in banking with A. E. Bateman. It is their intention to have offices in New York and Washington, Colonel Dudley taking charge of the latter. The resignation will take effect on November 10.

J. B. Butler, Appointment Clerk of the Treasury Department under Secretary Folger, announced himself on Friday for Cleveland, and said that he hoped all of Mr. Folger's friends would support the Democratic candidate.

The Mahone Committee in Virginia has received a letter from the Republican National Committee, in which the latter recognizes the Mahone State Committee of Virginia, appointed by the Convention of April 23, 1884, as the regular organization of the Republican party in that State, communicating and co-operating only with it.

Mr. James G. Blaine recently wrote a letter to William Walter Phelps, which was published on Saturday, and which explained that he was secretly married on June 30, 1850, at Georgetown, Ky., "in the presence of chosen and trusted friends," by what he knew was in his native State of Pennsylvania a perfectly legal form of marriage. In the following winter he discovered that the laws of Kentucky made a license certified by the clerk of the county court "an indispensable requisite of a legal marriage." He adds: "After much deliberation, and with an anxious desire to guard in the most effectual manner against any possible embarrassment resulting from our position—for which I alone was responsible—we decided that the simplest and at the same time the surest way was to repair to Pennsylvania and have another marriage service performed. This was done in the presence of witnesses, in the city of Pittsburgh, in the month of March, 1851, but was not otherwise made public, for obvious reasons. It was solemnized only to secure an indisputable validity, the first marriage being by my wife and myself always held sacred. My eldest child, a son, was born in his grandmother's house on the 18th day of June, 1851, in the city of Augusta, Me., and died in her arms three years later." Mr. Blaine has answered the interrogatories, filed in the Indianapolis libel suit, in accordance with the above letter.

Mr. Mulligan positively reasserted on Wednesday that a copy of the letter from Warren Fisher, Jr., to Blaine, bearing date of October 24, 1871, was in the package which Blaine took from Mulligan at the Riggs House. Whether or not Mr. Blaine purposely suppressed it or simply misplaced it, Mulligan did not know, and had no explanation to offer. The original letter, of course, Mr. Blaine had, and the letter printed in the lot of September 15 was from the letter-press copy, as are all the letters from Mr. Fisher to Mr. Blaine.

James G. Blaine attended the Worcester (Mass.) Agricultural Fair on Thursday. He arrived in New York on Thursday night, and was received by various political organizations. On Monday night he went to Philadelphia and stopped at several New Jersey towns on the way.

The Republicans of the First Assembly District of Oswego County on Friday nominated Henry C. How for Assembly. D. C. Littlejohn was a candidate for the nomination, but the district was carried overwhelmingly against him. Littlejohn made a speech in the Con-

vention, claiming credit for defeating the Adirondack Park Bill.

W. D. Kelley has been renominated for Congress in the Fourth Pennsylvania District. This is the thirteenth time he has been a candidate for that office.

Ex-Gov. Thomas A. Hendricks was in a train which was wrecked near Farmer's City, Ill., on Wednesday, but escaped with slight bruises. Twenty-five persons were injured.

A large mass-meeting was held in the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, under the auspices of the "Irish-American Anti-Cleveland Union." M. D. Gallagher presided, Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, who resigned the Presidency of the Irish National League to take the stump for Mr. Blaine, was the principal speaker. He repeated the familiar charges that Cleveland is an enemy of the workingman, "a free-trader," etc.

The New Jersey Independent Republican Executive Committee have opened headquarters in Jersey City, from which documents will be forwarded to those in sympathy with the movement. An address to the voters of the State will soon be issued.

Mr. Carl Schurz spoke in Cleveland on Thursday night, in the Armory, to a great crowd, which received him with enthusiasm. The President of the evening was C. B. Lockwood, for many years a sterling Republican, and the lifelong friend of General Garfield. Upon the stage, as Vice-Presidents of the meeting, sat a number of prominent Germans who never before denied their allegiance to the Republican party. In speaking of the second series of Mulligan letters, Mr. Schurz said, referring to Mr. Blaine's letter to Mr. Fisher enclosing the draft of a letter which the latter was asked to sign, exculpating Blaine: "What a spectacle! The nominee of a great party for the highest position in the land asking a railroad speculator to give him a certificate of good character; asking a man to sign a letter which he who wrote it knew to be utterly false in the main point."

Carl Schurz spoke in German to a large audience in Cincinnati on Monday evening. To a reporter who questioned him about the story that he is paid for his speeches, he said that it was not true, and that he even pays his own travelling expenses.

The Greenback-Labor party of Colorado has nominated John E. Washburn for Governor.

President Seelye, of Amherst College, has not declined the Massachusetts Prohibition nomination for Governor.

There was a large attendance at the opening session of the sixteenth annual reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in Rochester on Wednesday. Generals Sheridan, Logan, Kilgour, Horace Porter, and many other distinguished men were present. General Sheridan made a short speech in reply to an address of welcome by Mayor Parsons. In the evening an oration on Gen. George H. Thomas was delivered by Maj. William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia. The reunion was brought to a close on Thursday evening. The next meeting will be held at Grand Rapids, Mich., on September 19, 1885.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon an earthquake shock was felt in many parts of Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, and Michigan. No damage to property is reported from any quarter. In Michigan the shock was felt at Ann Arbor, Schoolcraft, Adrian, Grand Rapids, Hillsdale, Hudson, Jackson, Lansing, Marshall, and other points. Three shocks were felt at Angola, Ind., at 2:53 P.M., and between 2:15 and 2:25 P.M. shocks were felt at Auburn, Aurora, Elkhart, Fort Wayne, Ligonier, Marion, Michigan City, Muncie, Madison, Indianapolis, Danville, Anderson, Wabash, and other points in Indiana. In Ohio the shocks were felt at Cleveland, Delphos, Mansfield, Newark, Norwalk, Tiffin, Zanesville, Mount Vernon, Columbus, and Coshocton. In Wheeling, W. Va., a severe shock was felt about 2:52 o'clock. The shock in the suburbs of Cincinnati was

severe. Panics were narrowly averted in several schools. The shock was felt at London, Ont., about 3:25 o'clock.

Dr. Wolf, of Zurich, discovered on September 6 a bright new comet. It was carefully observed at Harvard Observatory on Sunday night. The observation shows that the comet is circular, two minutes in diameter, and well defined, with a nucleus of the ninth magnitude. Its position is as follows: Sept. 21, 14 hours 36 minutes 30 seconds, Greenwich time; right ascension, 21 hours 15 minutes 53.11 seconds; declination, 21° 52' 41.7".

President Adams's statement to the Union Pacific Directors at Boston, on Monday, declares that for the year ending July 1, 1884, this company had a surplus income, applicable to dividends, equaling 5.22 per cent. upon the company's capital stock. It amounts to \$3,179,704.

The Cambria Iron Company at Johnstown, Pa., employing 5,000 men, has ordered a general reduction of wages from 10 to 20 per cent. on October 1, owing to competition and decline of prices. In order to equalize matters they will make a reduction of 10 per cent. in coal and the rent of dwellings owned by the company.

The infamous Mollie Maguire Society has been extensively revived among the miners of Pennsylvania. Mine bosses and railroad operators have been threatened, and a number of Hungarians have been assassinated, and the Society is suspected of instigating the crimes.

The firm of Rindskopf Brothers & Company, of this city, clothiers, made an assignment on Friday; liabilities about \$800,000, with assets nearly equal.

Cleveland, O., was visited with another serious lumber fire on Sunday morning. It began in Munroe Brothers' yard, and a second fire soon broke out in Brown, Strong & Co.'s yard, two blocks away. Twenty acres were burned over. The fire was evidently incendiary and a man has been arrested on suspicion. The loss is estimated at several hundred thousand dollars.

Capt. Albert De Groot, thirty years ago the most popular North River steamboat commander, died in Richfield Springs on Wednesday. When a boy he obtained employment on one of Commodore Vanderbilt's boats. He became master of the *Sandusky*, the *Osceola*, the *Niagara*, and the *Reindeer*. Captain De Groot put up the statue of Franklin in Printing House Square in this city, and presented it to the press of the city. He was about seventy years old.

"Jerry" McAuley, a reformed convict and noted missionary of this city, died on Thursday at the age of forty-five. On January 10, 1882, the Cremorne Mission for rescuing fallen men and women, which had been fitted up at a cost of \$9,000, was opened under his management. It has been very successful.

Seabury Brewster, an old dry-goods merchant of this city and millionaire, died on Saturday.

Edwin C. Larned, a prominent anti-slavery man and well-known lawyer in Chicago, died on Thursday at the age of sixty-four.

Francis B. Hayes died in Lexington, Mass., on Saturday, at the age of sixty-five. He was prominently connected with railroad interests, and was a liberal giver to public and private charities. An ex-member of both branches of the State Legislature, he was only a short time ago nominated by the Republicans of the Fifth Massachusetts District for Congress.

Harry Clay, a grandson of Henry Clay, and a well-known lawyer and politician of Louisville, Ky., was shot and fatally wounded on Sunday by Andrew Wepler, a Councilman of that city. The fight was the result of a dispute about loaning money. Both men were armed, and both took position to fire. Wepler shot first. Clay died on Monday.

FOREIGN.

The Khedive, Nubar Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, and Sir Evelyn Baring, the British representative in Egypt, received on Wednesday an identical cipher despatch from General Gordon. The despatch left Khartum August 26, and reads as follows: "I am awaiting the British forces in order to evacuate the Egyptian garrisons. Send me Zebehr. Pay him a yearly salary of £8,000. I shall surrender the Sudan to the Sultan directly 20,000 Turkish troops arrive. If the rebels kill Egyptians, you are answerable for the bloodshed. I require £300,000 to pay my soldiers, my daily expenses being £1,500. Within a few days I shall take Berber, where I have sent Colonel Stewart, Colonel Power, and the French Consul with troops and Bashi-Bazouks, who, after staying a fortnight, will burn the town and return to Khartum. Colonel Stewart will then go to the Equator via Dongola to bring the garrisons thence. I disbelieve the report that the Mahdi is coming. I hope the Sudanese will kill him. If the Turkish troops arrive they should come by Dongola and Kasala. You should give them £300,000."

Rumors were current in Cairo on Friday that Colonel Stewart had captured and burned Berber, but this was denied.

Two more telegrams were received from General Gordon on Friday. He complained of the slowness of the authorities in sending the relief expedition, and stated that the number of the rebels besetting Khartum was increasing.

Sir Evelyn Baring, the English representative in Egypt, telegraphed on Saturday from Cairo that the Mudir of Dongola had received advices from several sources to the effect that General Gordon had gained two great victories, and that the siege of Khartum was raised on August 30, four days after General Gordon's last message.

Fuller accounts of General Gordon's victories state that on July 24 his troops slaughtered the rebel army which had been sent against them from Kordofan. Another battle was fought on August 30, which resulted in raising the siege of Khartum.

Two fresh messages were received from General Gordon, at Cairo, on Monday. He insists on Turkish occupation of the Sudan.

A change took place in General Wolseley's plans on Monday. He telegraphed to the British War Office to stop forwarding troops to Egypt for the present. It is believed that the expedition for the relief of Khartum will be reduced to a flying column, owing to the favorable news from Gordon.

Two thousand sets of harness for camels have been ordered at Cairo in order to utilize those animals in hauling the boats of General Wolseley's expedition.

General Wolseley will start up the Nile on September 27 without awaiting further arrivals of troops. A merchant from El Obeid reports that the Mahdi has twenty Krupp canons, and that 10,000 of his 25,000 followers are armed with Remington rifles.

In accordance with the decision of the Conference in Cairo on September 15, regarding Egyptian finances, in which Lord Northbrook, Sir Evelyn Baring, Nubar Pasha, and others took part, the Egyptian Ministry of Finance has given orders that the revenues which had been assigned to the Caisse de la Dette Publique, for the redemption of the unified debt by purchase in the open market, should be temporarily paid into the Egyptian Treasury. The purpose of this action is to enable the Treasury to pay the current expenses of the Government and the tribute to Turkey. Such payment is now impossible, owing to the heavy deficit. The members of the Caisse protest against this action of the Finance Ministry.

The action of Lord Northbrook in Egypt in suspending the law of liquidation has raised a storm of protests in Paris and Vienna.

It was reported that the Powers had protested against the suspension of the Egyptian Sinking Fund, but the fact is that France only has protested.

Two hundred French troops landed on Wednesday at the Kinpai Pass, on the Min River below Foo-Choo, and attacked the Chinese. The latter were defeated.

The Paris *Télégraphe* announced on Friday that Prime Minister Ferry, in behalf of the French Government, was willing to forego pressing the indemnity claims upon China, provided the latter Government would cede to France for ninety-nine years the port of Keelung, the present treaty port of the island of Formosa.

An immense meeting was held at Shanghai on Wednesday which passed resolutions that "this meeting of all nationalities at Shanghai makes urgent appeal to the British, German, and American Governments, which represent a preponderant interest, begging them to call upon the treaty Powers collectively to render their good offices to France and China, with the view of bringing about such settlement of the quarrel as will satisfy the honor of both countries."

A despatch from Shanghai on Monday reported a new complication in the Franco-Chinese difficulty. The blocking of the bar at the mouth of the Woosung River has been ordered by the Chinese authorities, although a passage for the ships of neutrals is to be left. This action is due to Chinese disbelief in the promises of the French. A veritable panic prevails in Shanghai, and merchants of the neutral Powers have asked the naval commanders of these Powers to take some action. The British Consul has advised the Chinese authorities to obtain skilled foreign assistance and keep traffic open. The Russian Consuls have been ordered to protect French interests wherever French Consuls leave.

A portion of the Paris press are making violent attacks upon the American press for their comments on the bombardment of Foo-Choo.

The agitation in regard to the new Education Bill in Belgium, which the King has already signed, still continues. On Wednesday the Mayors of Brussels, Ghent, Liège, Mons, Arlon, and Antwerp were granted an audience by the King. The Mayor of Brussels, acting as spokesman for all, uttered a strong protest against the bill. The deputation for which he spoke, he said, represented 820 communes, with a population of 2,800,000. The King, in reply, said that he had also received numerous petitions in favor of the bill. It was his duty to comply with the national will, which was expressed by the majority in Parliament. He served Belgium—not one political party, but both—and, with Belgium, the noble cause of liberty, to which he was deeply and steadfastly devoted. Political mobs thronged the streets of Brussels on Wednesday night and had to be dispersed by the police.

The meeting of the three Emperors at Skieriewice, Poland, came to an end on Wednesday. Their parting was very affectionate. The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, which speaks with some authority, says that the recent meeting of the three Emperors secures a lasting peace to Europe. The principles of unity, conciliation, and appeasement will now replace all isolated action and remove all uncertainty as to the morrow's events, thus exercising a favorable influence upon the political and social world. The whole German and Russian press consider the meeting as one that will result in the security of peace to Europe.

A German Imperial decree has been issued appointing October 28 as the day for the election of members of the Reichstag.

Twenty-one persons have been arrested in Vienna charged with complicity in Bachmann's Anarchist schemes. Gunpowder and dynamite stores at Wiener-Neustadt and Neun-

kirchen were entered on Monday night and the contents stolen. A mine was exploded under a steeple at Neustadt.

The cholera epidemic in Naples continued to abate on Wednesday. Among the victims on that day was a son of King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands. The poet Cavalotti arrived at Naples on Wednesday with four squadrons of men from Milan and Tuscany—mostly Garibaldini—to assist in caring for the sick. Cavalotti himself is at the Maddalena Hospital, where he is putting forth every effort in aid of the sufferers.

There were 251 fresh cases and 152 deaths from cholera at Naples on Tuesday.

Father Curci has written a letter expressing his submission to the Vatican, and condemning all passages in his three latest works which can be construed as inveighing against the faith, morals, or rights of the Church. He further expresses the hope that he may be restored to the Pope's favor.

Henry M. Stanley lectured on the Congo country in London on Thursday. "Portuguese civilization," he said, "is like a withered tree, bearing no fruit; commerce could not be extended into a new-born region, like the Congo Basin, unless it were relieved of all fear of that dread Portuguese tariff. Portugal does not understand the art of colonizing." Mr. Stanley described the rise and progress of the African Association. Its constitution, he stated, was being prepared by eminent men, and when completed would be published as the "Constitution of the Free States of Congo," the name or title which will replace that of the African Association.

The National League meeting at Castlewellan, County Down, Ireland, on Sunday, was quiet and orderly, a circumstance which is explained by the fact that the road was lined for a mile with British troops. The speakers were William O'Brien, M.P., and Michael Davitt. Mr. Davitt treated his auditors to a surprise. He declared that he was second in command of a political army which was invading the province of Ulster with a fixed purpose, and with a confident expectation of victory. The Nationalists had now one great and absorbing desire as far as the North of Ireland was concerned, and that was for political unity between the Orangemen and Catholics. Mr. Davitt begged his hearers to lay aside their religious differences of opinion for the sake of the patriotic duty which is incumbent on Orangemen and Catholics alike. "Let religion give way for once to patriotism," he said, "and then only shall we get home rule for Ireland." Two inferences are drawn in London from this episode. The first is that Messrs. Davitt and Parnell have settled their differences, and that the former is once more the trusted lieutenant and mouthpiece of his chief. The second conclusion is that the Parnellites have determined upon a new line of tactics in seeking a coalition with the Orangemen, in order, by their aid, to defeat the Conservatives at the next general election.

The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, will pay a visit to Ireland about October 1.

The British gunboat *Wasp* was wrecked on the northwest coast of Ireland on Tuesday. Fifty-two of the persons on board, including all the officers, were drowned. Only six were saved.

It is announced in Paris that England will join the International Commission on the Metrical System of Weights and Measures, with a view to securing the adoption of Greenwich as the prime meridian at the coming International Meridian Congress at Washington.

A Spanish sergeant and seven privates on the northeastern frontier deserted from their post on Tuesday, and, taking the treasure chest of their regiment with them, crossed into France, shouting, "Vive Zorilla!" They were placed under arrest and deprived of their arms.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

THE founder of the temperance movement in England, Mr. Joseph Livesey, died a few weeks ago at the ripe age of ninety-one, after a life devoted from first to last to philanthropy in the largest and best sense of the word. He was, however, in point of time, much behind the advocates of temperance in this country, who first began to show themselves in New England in the last quarter of the last century, and have ever since played a part for which the history of the reform in England offers no parallel. But it is to be observed that few if any of the early temperance men here preached total abstinence. What they denounced was the consumption of distilled spirits. Toward the product of the brewery and the cider and wine press they were long very tolerant. It is only within our own time that every species of intoxicating drink has come under the ban, and that the great discussion which is now carried on with more or less fervor in every civilized country over the effects of alcohol on the human frame, has begun to be heard. The beer and wine drinkers are no longer secure from attack. They are now pursued by the Prohibitionist with as much vigor as the whiskey and wine drinkers of sixty years ago were pursued by the advocates of simple temperance or morning abstinence.

This year we are undoubtedly witnessing a more advanced stage of the war against "the liquor traffic" than ever before. The Prohibitionists have secured the embodiment of their theory into the Constitution of the State of Maine after a prolonged experience of the working of a simple prohibitory law. They are not very far from a similar triumph in Iowa and Kansas, and in Ohio they are exerting a powerful influence on the politics of the State. The ticket which they have put in the national field this year, too, is treated with an amount of respect never before accorded to it, and really promises in some States to affect seriously the fortunes of the candidates of the two great parties. In a large number of the States, too, the anti-liquor sentiment grows stronger and stronger, and the disposition to resort to coercive measures against the drinker more decided. In several of the Southern States, in which partiality for whiskey has perhaps been stronger than in any other part of the world, localities are permitted to exercise their option in the matter of permitting any drinking at all within their limits.

The disposition to legislate against liquor on the part of communities is, after all, however, not so important as the readiness on the part of individuals to stop drinking, and about this the information we possess is very imperfect. There has been in England, as far as can be ascertained from the revenue returns, a considerable falling off in the consumption of spirits, but the sale of beer appears to be as great as ever, and that of wine greater. In this country the consumption of both beer and spirits increases, and, what is perhaps of more importance just now than any other fact, there does not appear to be any fixed and certain connection between prohibition and consumption. In other words, as far as can be ascertained, drinking does not by any means cease in States in which it is unlawful. In fact, in Maine it appears to have been very great in spite of the law, although, doubtless, anti-liquor legisla-

tion must always restrict drinking to some extent and make it more or less disreputable.

It is still harder to decide how the discussion stands on the question of the effects of alcoholic drinks on health. It never raged so fiercely as it does at this moment, and the doctors never took so prominent a part in it. A general agreement has undoubtedly been reached that the consumption of alcoholic drinks to excess is injurious, and that it is always uncertain whether a man who uses them at all will not end by using them in excess. But what is excess is still an unsettled question. The testimony of individuals on this point is still infinite in its variety, and so is the testimony of doctors. Nor is there as yet anything like a general agreement, even among scientific men, as to what the precise effects of alcohol on the human frame are. The one thing about alcohol which seems to be settled is, that it is the most potent, direct cause, in our time, among northern nations at least, of poverty, crime, and disease. The moral question which this fact at once starts—whether people who can drink in moderation are bound to give up drinking for the sake of those who cannot drink in moderation, or, in other words, how far each man is bound to regulate his own life, in things indifferent, for the sake of setting an example to others—is one of the questions, unfortunately, on which it is not possible to throw much light by experiment. Nobody can tell what the direct effects of his example are in matters which are not wrong in themselves, or only wrong in their possible consequences, even on his own children. No man can make sure that by excluding wine from his table he will save his sons from becoming drunkards, or even convince them that they cannot drink with safety. Most of the drinking in America is done in bars, in which nobody can set a good example at all, and very little of it in places in which total abstainers can exhibit their abstinence. But it may be asserted as absolutely certain that, throughout the civilized world, doubts as to the value of alcoholic drinks grow stronger, and so do the disposition to put legislative restrictions on their use, and the social disrepute attending their use, except with one's meals, as an aid to digestion. By the end of the century we shall probably witness a very decided change in the opinion of the civilized world on the whole matter. On the European continent, where until very recently the temperance agitation was all but incomprehensible, the growing use of ardent spirits in place of beer and light wines has made a strong impression on statesmen and philanthropists. In both France and Switzerland the reports on this subject are alarming, and indicate the need of very decided restraints of some kind—if on no other ground, out of regard for the public health.

THE USEFULNESS OF THE REPUBLICAN MISTAKE.

ONE good result of the Blaine candidacy, however it may end—and to our minds it can end in only one way—will be vastly greater caution in making nominations. It is quite safe to say that no convention will do again, in our time, what the Republican Convention did in nominating a candidate with serious and widely accepted charges affecting his personal integrity

hanging over him. It will not greatly matter whether these charges are true or false. Hereafter it will be recognized that the mere fact that large numbers of people believe a man to be personally dishonest, is a disqualification for the Presidency; that, in other words, a wronged man or a man with a grievance is nearly as unsuited to be the candidate of a great party as a man who has confessed his faults and says he is sorry for them. Everybody, we are sure, now sees, and none more clearly than Mr. Blaine's friends, that a Presidential canvass is not the place for the discussion of a man's private affairs, and for what has been ridiculously enough called "an inspection of his private character"; that if his character be really defective, it cannot be properly patched up or whitewashed between June and November.

Moreover, the nomination once made there is no getting rid of it. The talk in which some of our Independent friends are indulging, touching Blaine's withdrawal, is simply preposterous. He cannot withdraw, and the Republicans cannot let him. He must run and must brazen it out. Even if his tough moral fibre were to give way, and he were to desire to seek rest and peace in disgraced obscurity, his supporters could not let him. Any such step on his part would make certain that defeat of the party which is now only probable. The prize contended for at the Presidential election is so valuable, and the amount of money and expectations invested in the candidate so large, that the nomination, particularly that of the party in power, has a momentum which nothing can arrest or even slacken. Therefore there cannot be a change of candidates during the campaign. There never has been such a change, and there probably never will be, unless caused by death. The possibility of it diminishes every day with the growth of the country, the growth of electioneering expenses, and the difficulty of getting at the exact drift of public opinion.

As a general rule, conventions are saved from the mistakes which the Chicago Convention made in Blaine's case, by the fact that men whose names are presented for nomination are invariably of mature years, and well known in their own State, if not in the national arena. If there are any ugly facts in a man's career, they are pretty sure to have leaked out before the period at which he begins to be talked of for the Presidency. There is a sifting process, too, of more or less severity performed by previous elections to local offices, or long service in Congress. But it is to be observed that since the war, for reasons which we need not reiterate now, service in Congress has ceased to be the guarantee it once was. The period of inflated money and large expenditures, and prodigious grants and concessions of "the potentiality of growing rich" in the shape of bank charters and land grants, tempted a good many able but weak and impecunious men into transactions which would not bear the light, or which were capable of very damaging constructions. The result has been that two Republican Presidential candidates have now been attacked on the score of official integrity. The charge against President Garfield was very flimsy indeed compared to that against Blaine, but there was no denying that he had placed him-

self in an awkward position, and one capable, in view of all that was then going on at Washington, of an injurious interpretation, which proved very troublesome in the canvass, and diverted a good deal of public attention from matters far more important. In Blaine's case, however, there was ample warning; the charges made against him were old, the evidence was the best possible, and its force had been acknowledged, when first produced, by nearly all the leading Republican journals. His nomination, therefore, may be said to have been almost without excuse, and can only be accounted for by ascribing it to the steady decline in the party of the standard of official probity.

But the mistake, we feel sure, will not be committed again. The men who made it are not "conscience voters," or theorists, or anything of that kind. They seek offices, and salaries, and contracts, and opportunities, and other substantial goods of this life; and that any device does not succeed is all the reason they need for abandoning it. Consequently, if the public indicates unmistakably this time that it will not have for President of the United States a doubtful character, or a cruelly slandered man, or a man who needs "honorable construction" or the testimony of "those who have known him longest that he is honest as the sun," no such man will be nominated by either party for many a day to come.

THE BEST WORK OF THE CANVASS.

We think it is no exaggeration to say that the great question of the day for those who believe that the election of Blaine would be a national misfortune and disgrace, is how to bring the Mulligan letters under the eyes of the voters. We believe that wherever they are seen and read they play havoc with his prospects. But it will not do for those who are charged with the conduct of Cleveland's canvass to flatter themselves that the work of spreading them can safely be left to the newspapers. In the cities the newspapers may perhaps prove a sufficient reliance, but in the country, it must not be forgotten, it is the custom of each voter to read his party paper and no other. Nothing but great conscientiousness or extraordinary professional zeal on the part of editors can prevent this being turned to account for party purposes. If all editors had a stronger sense of the duty of giving their readers the news faithfully, and had more professional pride in the contents of their papers, it would make no difference whether voters in a Presidential canvass read one paper or half-a-dozen. But as we all know, in exciting campaigns the ideal journalists are apt to vanish from the scene, and party newspapers are apt to be made up with the view of getting votes for their candidate by hook or by crook. The subscriber is in their eyes no longer a fellow-citizen to be enlightened, but a voter to be "stuffed" with anything that seems likely to keep him straight on election day.

There has never been a Presidential election before when the man of one paper was so grossly imposed on as he is by the Republican press in the present canvass. There has never been a canvass in which it was so important to keep him from seeing one particular thing as it is to the Republicans in the present one to

keep him from seeing the Mulligan letters. His fidelity or his thrift in reading only one journal has been practised on in the most extraordinary way. In spite of the very important part the letters are playing in the canvass, the larger part of the Republican newspapers have not printed the first batch at all since Blaine was nominated, and most of them have suppressed or garbled grossly the second batch. There has been no more shame or scruple about it than about deceiving the enemy about a ford or a road in time of war. There is still a very large body of Republican voters at the North who have never seen these letters at all, or who have not seen enough of them to form an adequate judgment of their real tenor and bearing. These people ought to be sought out in every practicable way during the few weeks that now remain. They cannot be reached through the newspapers. They might be and ought to be reached through the mails and, if necessary, by house-to-house distribution. Young men who have horses cannot do better work to-day than acting as porteurs in the country districts. An enormous amount of good may be done in this way before the election. If we may judge from our own observation, few intelligent and patriotic Americans who have read the letters and Blaine's statements about them in Congress, and are not themselves in office or candidates for office, will vote for Blaine. We have never happened to come across an avowed supporter of Blaine who had read them carefully and completely. If any one will give himself the trouble to try the experiment, in any State of the North to-day, with voters of average honesty and intelligence, we venture to predict that he will find that in nine cases out of ten a man who says he is going to vote for Blaine has never seen the Mulligan letters, or read Blaine's speech in Congress on his railroad transactions, or Mulligan's evidence before the Congressional Committee. In nine cases out of ten, too, he will discover that a supporter of Blaine fancies that a Democratic committee investigated Blaine in 1876, and made a report which acquitted him of all wrong-doing. He will find, further, that as a general rule Blaine men are unwilling to talk about the letters, and do not desire to have them brought to their notice, and if urged to read them will plead urgent business, so as to break up the conversation and be able to hurry away.

It does not do to be importunate or obtrusive in such cases. Men will not be teased into an examination which is likely to end in destroying cherished predilections, or make them uneasy in the region of the conscience. The better way is when a Blaine voter openly avows ignorance of the Mulligan correspondence, to have it ready in some convenient shape to slip into his hand or pocket. He may not read it then and there, or promise to read it at all, but there is always a strong probability that he will read it when he gets home, or reaches some secluded place and has a little leisure. When he does read it the effect in a vast majority of cases will be decisive. If it were not so, if the great majority of the American people, with full knowledge of Blaine's dealings when Speaker of

the House with Fisher, Caldwell, and Tom Scott, saw nothing wrong in them, and were not shocked by his mendacity thereon, it would show that the experiment of free government on this continent was in great danger of ignominous failure.

All this makes the work of Blaine's opponents in the canvass extremely simple. Ordinarily the Presidential question covers a great deal of ground, and a discussion of half-a-dozen weighty topics is necessary to damage a candidate. In the present instance the work can be done by a simple statement of the facts of one business transaction made almost exclusively in the candidate's own words. In other words, the Mulligan letters are a genuine specific. The symptoms which call for their administration are so plain that anybody can recognize them. They ought to be circulated by the million.

THE WHEAT CRISIS.

The price of wheat has become the most searching question of the day in Europe and America. More anxious thought is centred upon it than upon Mr. Blaine's chances for the Presidency, or upon Mr. Gladstone's reform bill, or upon the hostilities in China, or upon the meeting of the three Emperors. In Minnesota and Wisconsin, farmers are said to be in a state of great bitterness on account of the low price, and are borrowing money to pay for indispensable articles rather than sell at the prevailing market rates. In England, where the farmers are compelled to pay rents in cash, a sort of panic has set in. The price has fallen to 35s. 1d. per quarter, a quotation for which, the *Economist* says, a parallel cannot be found during the present century. The farmers are actually "threatening," says *Bradstreet's* correspondent, to feed their wheat for stock fattening rather than sell at present prices, and some interesting estimates are given of the relative values of corn and oil cake as compared with wheat for this purpose. A ton of wheat is worth only 12s. more than a ton of Indian corn, and only 13s. 4d. more than a ton of oil cake. The fattening properties of wheat are believed to be much greater than the differences represented in the prices respectively. Curiously enough, there is a legal obstacle to this method of getting rid of one's wheat in England. Under the Agricultural Holdings Act, "tenants are entitled to compensation for purchased feeding stuffs only, and if a farmer feeds his white wheat crop on the land he will not be entitled to a penny of compensation if he quits. Therefore, if farmers decide to feed wheat they will have to go through the farce of selling to each other, and then each will have a claim to compensation for the use of purchased feeding-stuff." It is agreed upon all hands that the present price of wheat does not cover the cost of production in England if the farmer is to pay his rents. Eventually the total loss will fall upon the landlords, whose incomes have been already curtailed to such a degree that land-owning has ceased, to a large extent, to be a mark of social distinction. This fact is emphasized by a recent writer in the *Economist* as one of the reasons why agricultural land in England has become unsalable at any price which

its owners think it fairly worth. Obviously, land is worth what it will yield in money and no more. It will not yield social distinction a moment longer than it yields cash profits.

The trouble on the Continent is nearly as great as it is in England. It has led to a demand in France for protective duties against American grain, and these will undoubtedly be granted by the Government, because they believe in protection and because they want more revenue. If they could squeeze even a small sum out of the consumers in this way it would help them to tide over the financial crisis which recent expenditures in Tunis, Madagascar, Tonquin, and China have brought about. In Austria and Hungary the opening of the International Corn Market was marked by an almost total absence of foreign buyers, and the feeling which it left upon producers and dealers was that of extreme depression. It would seem as though India had been ruled out of European markets altogether by the drop in prices, for the *Economist* of September 6 says that present prices barely cover the cost of carriage from the central provinces to England and leave nothing to the grower. If this is true, it is a fact of very great importance to us. We can still send wheat to the United Kingdom. If India cannot, the fact proves we still have a superiority, though not the superiority which we have heretofore enjoyed.

There are reasons, however, for believing that wheat has "touched bottom," and that the extremely low price of 74½ cents per bushel, which was quoted in Chicago on Saturday week, will not be seen again. The recovery from that minimum figure was rapid, although the advance was not great. Later advices from the wheat-growing districts of the Northwest show that there has been injury in some places by rust, and that the early estimates of the yield were too great. The best reason for thinking that the bottom has been reached is that the cost of production will not tolerate a lower price. Cost of production does not necessarily enter into the market price of the present crop, because the cost has already been incurred. But it exercises a potent influence in the way of holding back the crop, and it will enter into all plans for the succeeding year. Less wheat will be grown in this country and abroad. More ground will be given up to pasture and to food for cattle, sheep, and swine. It is a remarkable fact that with all the decline in prices of cereals and of manufactured goods, of coal and of iron, that has taken place within three years, the prices of meat products have not fallen off, but on the contrary have advanced. The decline of general prices, exclusive of meats, since January, 1881, is estimated by *Bradstreet's* at 31 per cent. The prices of fresh meats have advanced in the same period fully 10 per cent. These facts point the way to a change in the methods of using land and to an equalization of farm products, which may be looked forward to with absolute certainty in the near future.

The American wheat grower has now reached the protectionist paradise which such philosophers as Henry C. Carey, William D. Kelley, William Walter Phelps, and James G. Blaine have so long pictured to his imagination.

He has got a "home market," the very best and largest which manufacturing possibilities can give him. No more cotton mills, no more rolling mills, no more iron furnaces can find room here for many years to come. Half-time or dead silence is the condition of a large part of this "home market." The bucolic mind does not work rapidly, but the fact will surely make its way into the chimney corners of the rural districts that the very acme and summit of agricultural prosperity which a home market built up by protective duties can produce, has been reached, and that there is nothing more to be gained by travelling that road.

RAILROADS AND LAND GRANTS.

WHEN the Northern Pacific Railroad was projected in the year 1864, there was a wide contrariety of views respecting the feasibility of the undertaking. It seemed so vast, so hyperborean, so thankless from every point of view, that the great majority of those who gave it any thought whatever, believed that no person then living, unless possibly very young children, would ever see it completed. The land grant attached to it was very large, but lands unoccupied had never built a railroad, and the only example of the building of a road by means of a land grant through a partly settled country (the Illinois Central) had resulted in the early bankruptcy of the undertaking. Illinois had been a State of the Union forty years before the grant of lands was made, and was just entering upon the period of rapid growth and abounding prosperity which has since astonished the world. Nevertheless, the building of the Illinois Central Railroad, regarded as a money-making venture, was in advance of the times—not very far in advance, but sufficiently so to ruin most of the original projectors. At the time when the Northern Pacific was brought before the public the Illinois Central was not yet out of difficulties.

The belief that the Northern Pacific was a chimerical undertaking, and that the construction of the road would be relegated to a very distant period—land grant or no land grant—was therefore commonly entertained, and was fully justified by all the facts upon which an intelligent opinion could be founded. That the common opinion was the correct one has been proved by the misfortunes which have successively overtaken the enterprise. That the property is now in a fair way to realize the expectations founded upon it is a matter for congratulation to all concerned, but we cannot overlook the fact that it was, in its original inception, a most deceptive and fantastical undertaking, made so by the very magnitude of the land grant bestowed upon it. We cannot overlook the fact that the forty millions of preferred stock now selling at about fifty cents on the dollar represent cash paid in some twelve years ago, the interest upon which has quite eaten up the principal. The delusive nature of the land grant is shown in the fact that, out of the 46,700,000 acres bestowed upon the company, only 5,118,000 have been sold since the grant was made. We say delusive, because it was this which induced people to put their money into the enterprise so long before any return could be got out of it. The

lands are still there, and they will eventually be sold and the proceeds will be realized. The course of events which followed the building of the Illinois Central has followed here, and there is every reason to suppose that the future fortunes of the Northern Pacific will be upon the same lines. Indeed, there are many reasons for believing that the latter will surpass the former in point of prosperity, to those who can afford to wait. It appears from a statement recently made by ex-President Villard that the cost of the road exceeded the engineering estimates made in the year 1880 by 90 per cent., and that a part of this excess of cost was due to extreme haste in construction, rendered necessary in order to save from forfeiture the very land grant upon which the whole enterprise hinged. Looking at all the mishaps and miscalculations which the company has encountered, the financial exhibit now made ought to be considered most encouraging. The surplus from the first year's operations is not large, but it is a surplus, where a deficit might not unreasonably have been looked for.

We are not likely to have any more land grants or land-grant railroads. It is to be hoped in the interest of the investing public that we shall not. Nearly all of these grants have led to speedy insolvency. There have been exceptions, but they are such as prove the rule that a land grant commonly tempts individuals to put their money where they cannot recover it in time to save themselves from ruin. The slow process of settlement and cultivation is lost sight of in the dazzling prospect of an imperial domain. The greater the grant, the more dazzling the illusion and the more bitter the disappointment. Whether the country is really benefited by a speedy settlement stimulated by land grants to railroads, as opposed to a slower and more natural development, is an undecided question, but undoubtedly the men who put their money into the Northern Pacific twelve or more years ago, would vote with entire unanimity in favor of the latter policy.

THE ART OF FICTION.

MR. HENRY JAMES, in an article bearing the above title in *Longman's Magazine* for September, and Gustave Flaubert and George Sand, in their recently published correspondence, have respectively given vigorous expression to their artistic faith. It is not often that an artist is able and willing to discourse on the principles of art, and the comparison of the opinions with regard to their own art of three such writers is peculiarly valuable. We propose to point out briefly the similarities and dissimilarities of their standpoints. The effect of a careful examination of them is surely, in Mr. James's own words, to make our interest in the novel "a serious, active, inquiring interest."

They all recognize the essential truth that a novel must be interesting. "The only obligation," Mr. James says, "to which in advance we may hold a novel without incurring the accusation of being arbitrary is, that it be interesting." If the novel has not this and that, says George Sand, "its essential quality, interest, is lacking." But they part company as to whom it shall interest. Flaubert avowed that he wrote for only ten or twelve persons. George Sand maintained strenuously that all the world was the audience to which a writer should address himself. Mr. James does not commit himself further than by saying that the English novel of the present day

"strikes me as addressed in a large degree to 'young people,' and that this in itself constitutes a presumption that it will be rather shy." The foundation of George Sand's conviction that there should be no fastidiousness in the selection of their readers was her ardent belief that the writer ought to have a moral intention and influence. "We should write," she says, "for all those who can profit by what is worth reading. And we should go straight to the highest morality we have in ourselves, and make no mystery of the moral and profitable meaning of our work." This brings us into the full flurry of the skirmish. Friendly lances are breaking in every direction, and clouds of arrows flying here and there, and sometimes following each other in quick succession into the very bull's-eye of the target. Mr. James is careful to notify the reader of his essay that his reflections on the "conscious moral purpose" of the novel have no pretensions to be exhaustive. And it is equally evident that those of Mme. Sand and Gustave Flaubert were not intended to be so. But we may gather much from each, and infer more.

"The essence of moral energy," Mr. James declares, "is to survey the whole field." "To see far and clearly," says George Sand, "is the whole aim of life"—and consequently we may add, of "the art that," as Mr. James says, "is most closely related to life." "I have always striven to see the soul of things," is Flaubert's declaration. And, therefore, he saw many things with extraordinary clearness; but he did not "survey the whole field," and hence came that lack of "a distinct and extensive view of life" with which Mme. Sand was always tenderly reproaching him; a reproach which he himself candidly acknowledged to be more than just, but about which at the same time he felt himself to be equally guiltless and hopeless. "How can it be otherwise?" he asks.

Perhaps in consequence of this lack of "a distinct view of life," Flaubert had an extreme dislike of the intrusion of personal teaching into literature:

"I experience an invincible repugnance to putting on paper anything of my heart. I feel even that a novelist has not the right to express his opinion about anything. . . . He may communicate it, but I do not like to have him utter it. (This belongs to my poetic vein). . . . I believe that great art is scientific and impersonal. The author must by a mental effort transport himself into his personages, and not draw them to himself. This at least is the method—which amounts to saying, Try to have much talent, and even genius, if you can."

George Sand, on the contrary, was persuaded not only that it is impossible a writer can have "a philosophy" in his soul without its coming to the surface, but that it is his duty to let it appear. Again Flaubert writes:

"If the reader does not find in a book the morality which should be in it, either the reader is a fool or the book is *false* from the point of view of accuracy. . . . In my ideal of art, I think one should never show anything of himself, and that the artist should no more appear in his work than God does in nature. The man is nothing, the work everything! This discipline, which may proceed from a false point of view, is not easy to observe; and for me, at least, it is a sort of permanent sacrifice which I make to good taste. It would be very agreeable to me to say what I think, and to unburden the sieur Gustave Flaubert by phrases; but what is the importance of the said sieur?

The first comer is more interesting than I, because he is more *general*, and consequently more typical."

George Sand answers him:

"What an odd mania! What a false rule of 'good taste'! Our work is worth nothing but what we are worth ourselves. Who proposes putting yourself personally before the public? . . . But to withdraw your soul from what you do—whence comes this unsound idea? To hide one's own opinion of the personages one puts

on the scene, to leave the reader consequently uncertain of the opinion he should have of them, is to desire not to be understood, and thereupon the reader leaves you. . . . What the reader wishes, above all things, is to enter into our thought, and it is that which you haughtily refuse him. . . . You say it should be so (that in a given case it is well the reader should be in doubt whether the writer were immoral, sceptical, indifferent, or broken-hearted); and that M. Flaubert would be wanting in good taste if he exhibited his thought and the object of his literary enterprise. It is false—in the highest degree false. From the moment M. Flaubert writes well and seriously, the reader becomes attached to his personality, and desires to be lost or saved with him."

What has Mr. James to say on this point? It seems to us that he utters the complete truth in saying: "A novel is in its broadest definition a personal impression of life; that, to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression." Flaubert was right in dwelling on "the *intensity* of the impression"; George Sand was right in insisting that it must be "a *personal impression*." It is the gold and silver shield.

But besides being personal and intense, what else must be the character of the impression? Mr. James thinks "a work of art should be as little concerned to supply . . . an *objective tone* as if it were a work of mechanics." Perhaps this is true, though it is a little imperfect in expression. Flaubert says:

"I limit myself to exposing things as they appear to me, to expressing what seems to me true. So much the worse for the consequences: rich people or poor, conquerors or conquered, I have no concern with that. I wish to have neither love nor hate, nor pity nor anger. . . . Is it not time to bring justice into art? The impartiality of representation would attain then the majesty of law and the precision of science! . . . I think as you do, that art is not merely criticism and satire; consequently I have never intentionally tried to do either the one or the other. I have always endeavored to go to the heart of things and to dwell in the largest generalities, and I have expressly turned aside from the accidental and the dramatic. No monsters and no heroes."

George Sand answers:

"This intention of painting things as they are, the adventures of life as they present themselves to sight, is not, to my mind, well thought out. Paint as realist or as poet inanimate things—that may be as you please; but when one approaches the movements of the human heart it is another thing. . . . I think art, this special art of narrative, is worth nothing save through the opposition of characters; but in their struggle I wish to see good triumph. Let facts crush the righteous man—I consent to that; but let him not be either soiled or degraded. . . . You are 're-nourishing' yourself, you say, with Shakespeare, and, indeed, it is a good thing to do! He it is who puts men in conflict with facts; observe that by them, either for good or ill, the fact is always conquered. They crush it or they are crushed with it. . . . Man is neither good nor bad, he is good and bad. But he is something else—that vague thing [*la nuance*] which is for me the aim of art; being good and bad he has an inward force which leads him to be very bad and a little good, or very good and a little bad."

She comes back to Flaubert here: "No monsters and no heroes."

So much with regard to the matter, the *fond*, of this art; how about the experience which is to accumulate the material? Our French friends have little to say about that, but what Mr. James says is so admirable that nothing more need be asked for:

"Experience . . . is the very atmosphere of the mind, and when the mind is imaginative—much more when it happens to be that of a man of genius—it takes to itself the faintest hints of life, it converts the very pulses of the air into revelations. . . . The power to guess the unseen from the seen, to trace the implication of things, to judge the whole piece by the pattern, the condition of feeling life, in general, so completely that you are well on your way to knowing any particular corner of it—this cluster of gifts may almost be said to constitute experience."

Let us now consider the questions of form, of manner. "The form, it seems to me," Mr. James says, speaking as a reader, not as a writer, "is to be appreciated after the fact; then the author's choice has been made, his standard has been indicated; then we can follow lines and directions and compare tones. Then, in a word, we can enjoy one of the most charming of pleasures—we can estimate quality, we can apply the test of execution. The execution belongs to the author alone; it is what is most personal to him, and we measure him by that." And then he adds, shifting suddenly, apparently unconsciously, to the standpoint of the author, "His manner is his secret, not necessarily a deliberate one. He cannot disclose it, as a general thing, if he would; he would be at a loss to teach it to others." George Sand, writing to Flaubert, says:

"It seems to me your school [“But I trample down my nature with the strength of my endeavor to have no ‘school.’” Flaubert ejaculates in answering her], it seems to me your school is not enough concerned about the heart of things [*le fond*], and stops too much at the surface. Through seeking form these writers hold too cheap the matter; they address themselves to literary people. . . . You prefer a well-turned phrase to anything metaphysical. I, too, like to see condensed into a few words the contents of volumes, but these volumes must have been thoroughly understood (whether one accepts or rejects them) to find the sublime condensation which is literary art in its highest expression. . . . Nourish yourself with the ideas and feelings amassed in your head and heart; the words, the phrases—the form you think so highly of will come of itself. You consider it an end, it is only an effect. Successful expressions spring only from emotion, and emotion springs only from conviction."

George Sand did not exaggerate Flaubert's regard for form, but it rested on deeper ideals than she gave him credit for. He says of himself:

"Neither of them [Daudet and Zola] is concerned before all things with what to me is the object of art—beauty. I remember having had a beating at my heart, having felt a violent pleasure, in contemplating a wall of the Acropolis—a perfectly bare wall. . . . Well, I ask myself if a book, independently of what it says, cannot produce the same effect. In the precision of the combinations, the rareness of the materials, the polish of the surface, the harmony of the whole, is there not an intrinsic virtue, a kind of divine force—something eternal, like a principle? (I speak as a Platonist.) Why, too, is there a necessary connection between the right word and the musical word? Why, if one condenses the thought too much, does it always become verse? Does the law of numbers, then, govern feelings and images? and is what appears to be the outside really and truly the interior? If I continued long in this direction I should go completely astray; for on another side art ought to be genial [*bonhomme*], or rather art is just what one can make it. . . . I regard as very secondary technical detail, local coloring, all the exact and historic side of things. I seek above all things beauty. . . . I think that the rounding of the phrase is nothing, but that to write well is everything, because 'to write well' is at one and the same time to feel well, to think well, and to say well.' The last term depends, then, on the two others, because one must feel strongly in order to think, and think in order to express. . . . So I try to think well in order to write well; but, I confess, writing well is my object."

In conclusion, the last word shall be Mr. James's: "The deepest quality of a work of art will always be the quality of the mind of the producer. In proportion as that mind is rich and noble will the novel, the picture, the statue partake of the substance of beauty and truth. To be constituted of such elements is, to my vision, to have purpose enough."

A PROPHET AMONG THE PAINTERS.—II.

LONDON, September 8, 1884.

In a lecture delivered at Oxford, William Morris has offered a new theory of the relations between art and the state. Ruskin laid down, in his political economy of art, a definite obligation

of Government to support art. Morris, being a Socialist, frankly abandons all forms of modern government to the dogs, and aims at the reconstruction of society on a basis which shall include art in its purposes. It is the modern "commercialism" and greed of gain, according to him, which stifles the love of art in the prosperous, and starves it out of the workman; and he has no hope of art until the education of the workman and the motive of the art grow out of the regenerated social life. Art as it now exists in England is only a pale reflex of mediaeval art, which began among the workmen and decorators. "Those only among our painters do work worth considering whose minds have managed to leap back across the intervening years, across the waste of commercialism into the Middle Ages," he said in his Academy notes; but he added, after commendation of those who have revived art in its mediaeval form—*i. e.*, pure art, for art's sake—

"Now, I ask again, with all solemnity and pain enough, is it possible that a living school of art can be founded on these fragments of retrospective art, nursed by the brains of one or two strangely-imaginative men? I can only answer the question one way myself—it is impossible. The art of modern Europe, whose roots lie in the remotest part, undiscoverable by any research, is doomed and is passing away. That is a serious—nay, an awful—thought; nor do I wonder that all artists, even the most thoughtful, refuse to face the fact. . . . In what way the new art will come, who can say for certain? It seems to me that the ideas of the older art still linger too much in the midst of cultivated men to allow any germination of the new amongst them. I believe, as I have done for long, that the new art will come to birth amidst the handicrafts; that the longings of simple people will take up the chain where it fell from the hands of the craft-guilds of the fifteenth century, and that the academical art which was developed from that misreading of history which we call the Renaissance will prove a barren stem. However that may be, I know surely that the new society which we hope and work for will develop a new art, fit for the life that will be lived under it, and furthered, in a way we slaves of competition cannot conceive of, by that new life of the commonwealth."

And in the Oxford lecture on "Art and Plutocracy," he lays down his broad definition, or rather description, of art as follows:

"And first I must ask you to extend the word art beyond those matters which are consciously works of art, to take in not only painting and sculpture and architecture, but the shapes and colors of all household goods, nay, even the arrangement of the fields for tillage and pasture, the management of towns and of our highways of all kinds; in a word, to extend it to the aspect of all the externals of our life. For I must ask you to believe that every one of the things that go to make up the surroundings among which we live must be either beautiful or ugly, either elevating or degrading to us, either a torment and burden to the maker of it to make, or a pleasure and solace to him. . . . And yet, I say, how have we of these latter days treated the beauty of the earth or that which we call art? Perhaps I had best begin by stating what will scarcely be new to you, that art must be broadly divided into two kinds, of which we may call the first Intellectual and the second Decorative Art, using the words as mere forms of convenience. The first kind addresses itself wholly to our mental needs; the things made by it serve no other purpose but to feed the mind, and, as far as material needs go, might be done without altogether. The second, though so much of it as is art does also appeal to the mind, is always but a part of things which are intended primarily for service of the body. I must further say that there have been nations and periods which lacked the purely Intellectual Art, but positively none which lacked the Decorative (or at least some pretence of it); and furthermore, that in all times, when the arts were in a healthy condition, there was an intimate connection between the two kinds of art, a connection so close that in the times when art flourished most, the higher and lower kinds were divided by no hard and fast lines. The highest intellectual art was meant to please the eye, as the phrase goes, as well as to excite the emotions and train the intellect. It appealed to all men and to all the faculties of a man. On the other

hand, the humblest of the ornamental art shared in the meaning and emotion of the intellectual; one melted into the other by scarcely perceptible gradations; in short, the best artist was a workman still, the humblest workman was an artist."

To this unquestionable portrait of any one of the great periods of art, whose exactness is testified to by any fragment of artist life in the records of those periods which we possess, Mr. Morris appends the following sketch of the artist of to-day:

"That is not the case now, nor has been for two or three centuries in civilized countries. Intellectual art is separated from decorative by the sharpest lines of demarcation, not only as to the kind of work produced under those names, but even in the social position of the producers; those who follow the intellectual arts being all professional men or gentlemen by virtue of their calling, while those who follow the decorative are workmen earning weekly wages; non-gentlemen, in short."

He divides again those who follow the intellectual arts into two classes—a small one of men of genius, noteworthy in any epoch, and a large one of amateurs with varying and varied gifts. The former he regards as spoiled by the system which insists on individualism and forbids co-operation. The old schools were built on the accumulated traditions "which men find themselves partakers in without effort on their part," while now they have "to learn everything from the beginning, each man for himself." And what is worse for the existence of any school of art, "apart from the artists themselves and a few persons who would be artists but for want of opportunity and insufficient gifts of hand and eye, there is in the public of to-day no real knowledge of art and little love of it. Nothing, save at the best certain vague prepossessions, which are but the phantom of that tradition which once bound artist and public together."

The cause of the degradation of art being the competitive system, Morris would see its revival in the co-operative activity of workmen and the formation of what may be designated as industrial art schools. For "as long as competition in the production and exchange of the means of life goes on, the degradation of the arts will go on, and if that system is to last forever, then art is doomed and will surely die; that is to say, civilization will die." The pleasure of the artist in art seems to Morris to be three-fold—"variety, hope of creation, and the self-respect which comes of a sense of usefulness, to which must be added that mysterious bodily pleasure which goes with the deft exercise of the bodily powers. . . . Now this compound pleasure in handiwork I claim as the birthright of all workmen," and, unless they possess it, they are but machines.

To summarize Mr. Morris's hopes and belief, it is to the development of art through the decorative branch, and the artistic education of the workman as distinguished from the amateur, who now monopolizes the title of "artist," and to the natural and progressive evolution of a new art with new traditions and new hold on the sympathies and the imagination of the modern man—the entire development being dependent on the quickening influence of a Socialistic organization of labor—that he looks for the future of art, and not in any more successful return to the lost traditions of Greece or Italy. In what respect this art shall differ from the old, he makes no attempt to designate; but, holding out the cross of Socialism, and believing in the power of organized, happy, and intelligent labor, he says to the art workman, *In hoc signo vinces*; and this reform shall begin with our gardens and reach to our highest intellectual aspirations. The development of industrialism from the ancient crafts has gradually brought about the creation of a great class of workmen who work without pleasure in their work—*wage workers*, nothing more

—and "has by its very oppression and compulsion of the monotony of life driven them into feeling the solidarity of their interests, and the antagonism of those interests to those of the capitalist class; they are all through civilization feeling the necessity of rising as a class." They have begun to look to *association* as their remedy as against the system of *competition* organized by the capitalist; and so "in them the hope has arisen, if nowhere else, of finally making an end of this class degradation. It is in the belief that this hope is spreading to the middle classes that I stand before you now, pleading for its acceptance by you, in the certainty that by its fulfillment alone lies the other hope for the new birth of art and the attainment by the middle classes of true refinement, the lack of which at present is so grievously betokened by the sordidness and baseness of all the external surroundings of our lives, even of those of us who are rich."

The enemies of the new religion of art are competition, money greed, and machine labor as opposed to intelligent, artistic hand labor; but, above and around all, the determination of society to get ahead, regardless of any general good, and what Morris calls the "Devil take the hindmost" doctrine. Machine labor is the "Devil" of his combination; and, looking at the whole question from his point of view, it is clear that he must oppose its extension as the worst of evils. For it is as an artist that Morris is drawn into the controversy; it is the utter want of vitality in modern art which has first aroused him to the want of artistic quality in modern workmanship. As an artist, which he is in all his nature, he regards art as the beneficial outcome of the Socialistic reform which he preaches; and this is unquestionably true, that to get good decorative art into our common and daily lives to such an extent that our surroundings shall be beautiful and life more truly happy on account of art, can be only through work which shall embody the thoughts, the sense of the beautiful, and the ideal of the workman. What is the permissible field of machine labor in the system of Mr. Morris does not appear, and I need not discuss the question on its merits.

It may be of interest by and by to look into the practical results of his doctrine, and see how far he and his cobelievers have affected the condition of the workman and the quality of work here in England. Movement there certainly is, in response to Morris's appeal: "Remember, we have but one weapon against that terrible organization of selfishness which we attack, and that weapon is Union. Yes, and it should be obvious union, which we can be conscious of as we mix with others who are hostile or indifferent to the cause; organized brotherhood is that which must break the spell of anarchical Plutocracy."

MR. GLADSTONE'S TACTICS.

LONDON, September 5.

PEOPLE were getting wearied of the demonstrations and counter-demonstrations against and for the House of Lords, and so much more weary of the speeches delivered, that the newspapers even at this dead season had begun to report them very curiously, when Mr. Gladstone's appearance on the stage produced such a silence and thrill as honors the entrance of the prima donna at the opera. There was an idea that he would "give a lead" to the party by indicating more clearly than he had yet done what ought to be said about the House of Lords generally; that he might indicate the course the Ministry would take in the event of the Lords again refusing to entertain the Franchise Bill; that he would stimulate his party by a general defense of his policy and an arraignment of the Opposition tactics,

Apart from these expectations, a peculiar interest attached to the occasion from the idea that it might be his last great appearance in the character of a member before his constituents. He is now seventy-five; he has several times intimated a wish not to sit in another Parliament, and should he dispose of the whole question of Parliamentary reform in this Parliament, he would probably bid a final adieu to politics. Opponents as well as friends watched his progress to Scotland with interest, for they trusted to point with damaging effect to the contrast between the apologies which he would be forced to make to his electors now for the shortcomings of his ministry, and the programme which he had sketched in 1879 and 1880, when denouncing to those same electors the crimes of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, then still in power.

Most of these expectations have been falsified. He has not said much in the way of defending his policy of the last four years, and has spoken with no air of contrition or even of apology. He has not set himself to fan the flame of agitation, but rather to moderate it. He has revealed no secrets, thrown out no new views as to Second Chambers and the way to improve them. But he has again given, in delivering three speeches to enormous audiences, two of them nearly two hours long each, extraordinary evidence of his undiminished physical and intellectual force, as well as of the quality of his voice, not less clear and sonorous now than fifty years ago; and he has shown that delicate tactical judgment in knowing what to avoid as well as what to say which so rarely fails him at a grave crisis. Others of our statesmen, Peel, for instance, or Lord Melbourne, have possessed it in equal or higher measure. But they were persons of a far less ardent and excitable temperament. What is peculiar to Mr. Gladstone is the combination of an impetuosity which often betrays him into imprudences, with a self-control and sagacity which at other times enable him to steer with the utmost wariness through a labyrinth of rocks and shoals. He is like a famous guide whom travellers in the Alps twenty years ago well remember, whose eagerness and self-confidence induced him to lead his party into many a dangerous place, but who never failed to extricate them by a caution, skill, and ingenuity which those whom his heedlessness had just alarmed were not prepared to expect. It seems as if the sense of danger, or at least the presence of a crisis, were needed to develop these qualities in Mr. Gladstone. His mistakes have seldom been faults of judgment; they have lain in words spoken at moments of unadvisement, when nothing had warned him to call the powers of his judgment into play.

The present contest with the House of Lords is a crisis needing all his strategy. It is not merely that he has to overcome their resistance, for that in a country so far advanced toward democracy as England is a certain result in the long run. He has to do this without, if possible, resorting to a dissolution of Parliament. He has to do it without alienating the Liberal Peers who have supported him in the Upper House and are jealous of its privileges. He has to do it without, if possible, shaking the Upper Chamber itself, and so bringing on changes in the Constitution. Why, it may be asked, this last condition? Why should he not abolish or reform the House of Peers? The great bulk of his party would follow him. The one thing that has disappointed them in these last three speeches is the deference he shows to the Lords, his apparent acquiescence even in the anomaly of an hereditary chamber. Some of the Radicals accuse him of being overawed by rank, or of being after all a Conservative at heart.

Those who know him best know how absurd such charges are. So far from valuing rank, especially the mushroom nobility of England, he is

too proud a man to consent to become himself a Peer. His Conservatism is nothing more than that hesitation which any man with a long experience of politics and a strong sense of official responsibility must needs feel, when he is asked to pull down something which he does not see how to replace, though he feels that it needs to be replaced. At his age he could not expect to live to complete such a task as the turning the House of Lords into a proper Senate like those of France or America, and what he cannot complete he is justified in refusing to begin. The policy toward the Lords developed in these Midlothian speeches has been that indicated by him from the first. It is plain that neither the provocations of the Tories, whose bitterness it has not assuaged, nor the enthusiasm to be expected from the Radicals, should he move faster in their direction, will tempt him from it. It is simply this—to make it easy for the Lords to yield, to build a golden bridge for their retreat, to open for them every door of compromise, always provided that the essential point is secured of getting them to pass the Franchise Bill in such time as that the next general election can take place under its provisions. "One thing at a time," he seems to say. "It is not necessary to threaten the Lords, because they may repent and pass the bill. It is not desirable, because you distract them and the country from the true issue, and because you give to a moderate and safe proposal the air of forming part of a revolutionary programme. We, therefore, we, the responsible Government, do not agitate against the Lords: we confine ourselves to urging upon them their own true interests." This course has the merit of conciliating not only the Lords but that large section of moderate opinion which, without approving the present action of the Lords, is unprepared for their abolition. It leaves the Government free to take a more aggressive attitude if the House of Lords does again reject the bill, putting them in the position of soldiers who have reserved their fire. At the same time it really gains all the advantages of the popular agitation, for, of course, the Government cannot check that agitation, and the longer it lasts the more clearly must the Peers see the danger they are running—running not at the instance of the Government, but in spite of it, for it still stands trying to befriend them; is still calling off its dogs, and offering them another chance of repairing their mistake.

This redefining of the pacific attitude of the Government is the principal feature of the Midlothian speeches. But an inference of no small importance may be gathered from the warmth with which Mr. Gladstone denounced the claim of the House of Lords to insist on a dissolution of Parliament. His language seemed to come from one who had determined not to dissolve even if the Lords reject the bill again, but rather to pass it a third time in the session of 1885 and throw on them the responsibility of a third rejection. In that event, the present Parliament might last till 1886, for it will not legally expire till April, 1887. Its duration, however, depends on many other contingencies. There may be a compromise with the House of Lords: some of Mr. Gladstone's language seemed calculated to invite negotiations. Or there may be events in Egypt which will either compel a dissolution, if disastrous for the Ministry, or make the Opposition cease to desire it, if they redound to the Ministry's credit.

His latest moves in the Egyptian game are another evidence of the Prime Minister's adroit tactics. For the last two years he has appeared to be sinking deeper and deeper into the mire by following an indecisive policy. But whenever the results were beginning to threaten his Parliamentary position he has escaped by some unexpected expedient, and either obtained the needed majority in the House of Commons or avoided

the necessity for a debate and a division. When it was clear that some new departure must be made in Egypt, and some avowal of policy announced to Parliament, the Conference was summoned and the preliminary agreement with France concluded. A debate on that agreement was demanded by the Opposition, a day for it had been fixed by the Government, when, at the last moment, the House of Commons, at the instance of Mr. Goschen, refused to allow a discussion which seemed likely to be injurious to national interests. The Conference went on sitting till near the end of the Parliamentary session—so near the end that a debate would have been lifeless and inconclusive. The demand for a declaration by the Ministry of their policy during the recess was averted by sending out Lord Northbrook to examine the conditions of the Egyptian problem, and report to the Cabinet on his return, while popular uneasiness regarding General Gordon has been appeased by the expedition to direct which General Wolseley has just been despatched in Lord Northbrook's company. The preliminary agreement with France has, of course, fallen to the ground, because it was conditional on the success of the Conference. Thus the general upshot is, that the Government have retained to the end of a session during which they have been pried with unceasing interpellations, perfect exemption from any kind of pledge either to Parliament or to any foreign Power. Every effort has been made to tie their hands, to run them into a corner. But their hands are free, and just when they seemed on the point of being flattened against the wall, they gilded lightly aside, and now stand facing their adversaries in the open. If they had displayed half the skill in keeping away from Egypt, or even in giving no pledges when they went there, that they have shown in avoiding committals or avowals during the last eighteen months, enviable indeed would be their position now. They have now a respite till November, by which time Parliament will have met, Lord Northbrook will probably have returned, and the question whether Khartum can be reached and Gordon rescued by the Nile route have drawn near to its decision.

Y.

Correspondence.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN OHIO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The outline of the political situation in Ohio as given by an editorial in No. 1002 of the *Nation* was substantially correct. The State is claimed for the Republicans, mainly, it would seem, on the ground that it has always gone Republican in Presidential years. But the situation this year is peculiar. The liquor question, on which the German element went over to the Democrats last year, is not yet definitively settled, and personal conversation with prominent Germans, formerly Republicans, convinces me that they will not return to the fold in great numbers this year, in spite of strenuous efforts to reclaim them.

In this district the Republicans have nominated for Congress Jacob Romeis, the present Mayor of Toledo. Being born German, and having had former Greenback affiliations, he was chosen over the heads of several confessedly abler men in the hope that he would unite the floating vote, which in this district is peculiarly large. He is perhaps as strong a candidate as the Republicans could have nominated, and he will be aided by the fact that there is a strong opposition among many prominent Democrats to Frank Hurd, the Democratic nominee, based partly on objections to his well-known free-trade views, but more largely, I suspect, on more per-

sonal grounds. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the large Democratic majority in the district can be overcome.

For several reasons I am inclined to think that the Prohibition vote in the State will be unusually large this year. The enormous vote cast in favor of the Prohibition amendment to the Constitution last year indicates a growing conviction of the importance of temperance as a political question. Then, too, the absence of any distinctive issue between the two great parties, on any question of principle, and a very prevalent indifference as to which succeeds, will induce many to emphasize their prohibition sentiments by casting their votes for St. John. Besides, the Prohibition ranks will be swelled by accessions from Independent Republicans who have been switched off by the Cleveland scandal.

As the *Nation* says, the anti-Blaine Republican vote is difficult to estimate, being mostly a silent one. The fact is, the campaign against the Independents has been marked by such an extraordinary amount of ridicule and abuse that most men hesitate to expose themselves to it, by publishing their views. But I think their vote will be a large one, nevertheless. The very vehemence of the attacks made upon them is in a certain sense a measure of their strength; it is an indication of the fear with which they are regarded by the party managers. But ridicule will not change the votes of men who have been waiting all summer for those who would "with reasons answer" them, and have heard nothing but the tiresome repetition, "Sure, he is an honorable man." There is beginning to be a touch of Marc Antony's irony about this last.

The prevailing opinion seems to be that if Thurman, who is deservedly popular, had been nominated, he would certainly have carried the State. As it is, Ohio may be fairly classed as doubtful.

ALEXANDER L. SMITH.

TOLEDO, O., September 13.

MAGNETIC MENDACITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Enclosed I send a clipping from an editorial column of the *Evening Wisconsin*, a Republican newspaper published in Milwaukee. If the statement is true that Mulligan is "a convicted and confessed perjurer and thief," it seems quite important that the public should know it. The editors of the *Wisconsin* have been called upon to furnish the evidence on which they make charges so serious, but, with a strange disregard of their party interests, they have failed to respond, or in any way to notice the request. Perhaps you can help them out, and thus aid in the cause of "truth."

The pity of it is, that so many who have the right to use "voting papers" have no other means of learning the truth than their party newspapers. First, these papers make their readers believe that all the charges against Blaine rest on the testimony of Mulligan, and then the Plumed Knight is left unscathed when they show that no one can believe the witness.

The effrontery and audacity in lying now shown by so many of the Republican papers and orators can be fairly claimed, I think, as proof of the vaunted "magnetism" of Mr. Blaine.

I trust the *Nation*, in the spirit of its wonted fairness, will not deny to the plumed chieftain this quality of inspiration. The mendacity and unexampled moral recklessness of his campaign ought, it should seem, to fully satisfy Mr. Blaine, if not even the devil himself.

H.
MONROE, WIS., September 16, 1884.

A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT NEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of this week (No. 1002), you formulate a complaint which I, in common with

hundreds of others, have to make against the (weekly) *Tribune*. The publishers of that journal promised us that in consideration of one dollar per annum their paper would give us reading matter of ten-fold more interest than any other "document," and that every copy, of sixteen pages, should be "full of news, facts, arguments, and entertaining miscellany." Considering the price of the paper, I can't complain that the miscellany is not as entertaining as I had reason to expect. The "arguments" suggest the great want of "news and facts" which its readers so much need.

In order to supply the *Tribune* omissions I am compelled to obtain the news and facts in other journals of the day at my own expense. The *Tribune* has not only not kept its contract with me, as to its obligation to furnish the news and facts, but has deprived me of the benefit of its "arguments" upon all the news and facts so much needed, since I am (or ought to be) distressed over the alternative of helping defeat a corruptionist, or to continue "steady work" to our "wage-working population," and secure "home markets for their crops" to our farmers. Until the *Tribune* became so earnest about the "paramount issue," I felt no alarm on that account, and was greatly agitated over the arraignment of our brilliant candidate because I saw the necessity of an answer and explanation. I am waiting with impatience to see what sort of an answer and explanation can be had for "one dollar per annum."

RUSTICUS EXPECTAT.

MISSOURI, September 13.

CHEAP FREE-TRADE LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Where can I procure some of the cheap and pernicious free-trade literature published by the emissaries of the Cobden Club with the British gold so liberally poured into this country? Being desirous of obtaining a little information in regard to free trade, I entered a book store with intent to purchase. Judge of my surprise at finding the cheapest pamphlet on the subject retailing for forty cents. This book, printed on paper that would not cost over ten cents per pound, probably could be published at \$80 per thousand, possibly even less. Can it be that the *Tribune* is mistaken in its assertions, and that all this literature is published by avaricious men solely to make money by the operation?—Very respectfully,

L.

WASHINGTON, September 17, 1884.

A FABLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you tell me whether the following fable is from *Aesop*? I do not find it in my edition. I translate, no doubt a little crudely, from an old Latin copy which has strayed into my hands. The text presents two or three difficult and obscure expressions, due, I suspect, to some corruption.

THE WOLF WHO WOULD BE SHEPHERD.

As Death was approaching the Shepherd of a fine Flock, several of the Sheep put their heads together and named for the succession a Wolf, who had long sought the position as an extremely eligible one. His distinguished appearance and ready tongue, his gentle manners, and a certain magnetic quality he possessed (*nescio quis basiliisci oculus*), had gained him an important influence over these members of the Flock. "This is our Protector," they said, "who will vindicate our rights against the encroachments of other Flocks, and will give our Flock an altogether commanding position."

But it must be confessed that a number of the Sheep, with a ridiculous idea of their own importance, and imagining themselves far wiser and

better than the others, objected to this choice. "We never had a Wolf for a shepherd," they said. "We shrink from his caresses. We do not believe he would protect us from insult. Indeed, we hear sad stories about his doings even before he had laid his plans to get into this position (*antequam hanc sedem ambiisset*)."

"You are very foolish!" retorted the wolf-party. "A mere handful like you, and pretending to be better than other Sheep! Your leaders! what is every one of them but a h—ll of a book-worm (*helluo librorum*)! We understand the secret malice of your opposition, and that you are really in league with a rival Flock, and will get your pay in golden-rod (*auro insulari*)! [the text here seems very corrupt, and I scarcely venture to offer any emendation] and other choice fodder. But be decent and hear the Wolf for himself."

Then the Wolf, who chanced to be conveniently near, bowed politely, and took up modestly the question of the weather: "Tis a beautiful day! Were ever lovelier skies than these?" said he. "And these rich pasture-fields! could Sheep ever ask for better? But do you realize, sweet friends of the opposition, that you owe them almost wholly to the wisdom and devotion of your companions you are now opposing? What you need is a Protector, who will care for the weak and delicate Sheep, and nurse with tenderness the Lambs—dear pets (*delicioles*)! I believe in protection, thoroughly, with all that it implies. Then—though I refer reluctantly to my own merits—I have always been in favor of Reform; and now, if possible, am still more so. No pettiest office in the Flock but should be filled on grounds of strictest merit. And then your graver interests, and the questions of policy and administration. You will need a new wall to your fold, I think, and better drinking facilities. For the former I know where there are some little rocks (*saxula nonnulla*) and I am acquainted also with an excellent system of pipes, some very serviceable channels (*canales utiles*); and I should not be an idle spectator (*caput mortuum*) [the text is again uncertain]. I should endeavor—"

"But you don't answer the charges brought against you!" interrupted, at length, the captious, self-righteous faction in opposition.

"Bah! bah!" bleated the majority. "Will you never discuss large questions of policy? You are always foisting upon us the ridiculous issue of personal character!"

This Fable teaches that Sheep should not be too particular (*scrupulosiores*) in scrutinizing the character of their Shepherds.

H. D. C.

DUBLIN, N. H., September 20, 1884.

THE MEANING OF "A. B."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of last week you referred to President Porter's remarks in the *Princeton Review* on the offence of giving an "A. B." to a man with a slight knowledge of Greek. These remarks occur, as you say, "in the course of his argument"; but I suggest that it would be more fair to say that, quite out of the course of his "argument," the learned President indulged in a sort of parenthetical arraignment of Harvard for her "offence against the common faith and common understanding which exist among educated men."

As an argument favoring the study of Greek, these remarks were, of course, irrelevant. As charging an offence, what do they amount to? I submit that this "common understanding among educated men" in regard to the meaning of an "A. B." is altogether mythical. We hear that a man is an A. B.; we ask at once: "What college?" In printed lists of college graduates the custom is almost universal to name the college

after the degree. And where this is not done, surely only among uneducated men is there any common faith that the letters mean the same in each instance. A hopeless variety of college standards has left us no common faith and common understanding to be offended. If those letters long ago refused to tell us how much and how well a man studied, what matters it that now they will tell us a trifle less of what he studied?

The quality and quantity of his labors mainly determine his mental training, the all-important fact which those letters have not revealed to us. Does it not seem trivial that on the occasion of an additional doubt thrown over the direction of those labors, which mainly determines the less important question of what knowledge he has acquired, the Yale President has been moved to utter this charge?—Yours truly,

R. W. G. WELLING.

NEW YORK, September 22, 1884.

Notes.

WHITE, STOKES & ALLEN will add the following books to their list during the present season: 'Artistic Tableaux,' with picturesque diagrams and descriptions of costumes; 'Fifty Soups,' by Thos. J. Murray; 'The Good Things of Life,' selections from our amusing contemporary; 'Guide and Select Directory to New York City'; 'An Outline History of Sculpture for Young People and Students,' by Clara Erskine Clement; 'Some Modern Etchings,' specially made for this occasion; 'Songs of Bird Life,' translated from the German by Josephine Pollard, with Giacometti's designs; 'Wheel Songs,' for the bicycler, not for the mechanic, by S. Conant Foster; 'America Illustrated,' by J. David Williams; and a new edition of Heine's 'Book of Songs,' in Sir Theodore Martin and Edgar A. Bowring's translations.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish at once a new and cheaper edition, planned for a wide popular sale, of the 'Memoir of the Princess Alice of England and Hesse.' The same firm announce also 'The Works of Alexander Hamilton,' including his contributions to the *Federalist*, edited, with introduction and notes, by Henry Cabot Lodge, in seven octavo volumes, the edition being limited to 500 copies; and Scott's edition of 'The Complete Works of Dryden,' revised and corrected by George Saintsbury.

Roberts Brothers, Boston, announce: 'Our Great Benefactors: Short Biographies of the Men and Women most Eminent in Literature, Science, Philanthropy, Art, etc.,' edited by Samuel Adams Drake, with nearly 100 portraits; 'Paris: Historical, Social, and Artistic,' by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, profusely illustrated with woodcut engravings and twelve full-page etchings; 'The Countess of Albany,' by Vernon Lee; 'Harriet Martineau,' by Mrs. Fenwick Miller, and 'Mary Wollstonecraft,' by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in the 'Famous Women Series'; 'The New Book of Kings,' an attack on monarchy, by J. Morrison Davidson (of the Middle Temple); 'The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman,' illustrated by George Cruikshank; 'Atheism in Philosophy, and other Essays,' by the Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D. D.; and 'The Making of a Man,' by the late Rev. Wm. M. Baker, author of 'His Majesty, Myself,' being a sequel to that book.

D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, have in press 'Money in Politics,' by J. K. Upton, late Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have issued in a comely volume with broad margins, and some special illustrations on wood that do not help much, the poems of George Eliot, complete—her own favorite monument, doubtless, rather than her com-

plete prose. The typography is clear and tasteful.

The 'Descriptive Atlas of the United States,' just published by Ivison, Blakeman & Co., is well calculated to meet a general want. It will serve either as a text-book—both primary and higher grade—or as a family book of reference. It has maps of the whole continent of North America, and two sets for the United States—by sections and individually. Condensed information concerning the geography, government, natural resources, manufactures, or other industries of the several States is given in the accompanying letter-press. Here we miss careful editing, for the same divisions are not preserved in all the chapters, and the typography is not uniform for such as are common. Under New Jersey, and generally, the counties are enumerated—certainly a great convenience in a work of this kind—but not under Oregon, Kansas, Nevada, etc. Again, the population of the counties is only exceptionally given, as under Connecticut, and that of cities and towns is stated or not, without any fixed principle. The utility of the maps would have been much enhanced by indexes. The engravings, on which expense has not been spared, are to our taste too picturesque and too fantastic in their grouping, following a bad example of our illustrated magazines. On the whole, however, the merits of this work outweigh its defects, which even vitiate the copyright entry of the map of standard time.

We recommend to those who think the abandonment of Greek would give time for getting the same discipline from living tongues, Mr. Arthur Gosset's 'Manual of French Prosody' (London: Geo. Bell & Sons). The inability even of cultivated men to read French poetry properly is notorious; few teachers, as Mr. Gosset says, can perform or explain the scansion; and "if Greek were taught in the same way as French, would not the newspapers give us the same jokes about *Oedipus Coloneus* that they now lavish on *Horace* or *Athalie*?" And yet, he continues, "a knowledge of the rules of French Prosody, sufficient for the appreciation of the latter, can be acquired in a tenth of the time necessary to assure ourselves that we can have no approximate idea of how Sophocles would have pronounced the former." Mr. Gosset writes with great clearness, and any student of French can find profit in his agreeable little treatise.

Seppel's second Egyptian mummery, 'Er, Sie, Es,' has been brought out in an English edition, 'He, She, It,' with the substitution of Gladstone for Bismarck (J. W. Bouton). The English text is poorly done at best, and becomes miserably flat at the end; but the comical designs and the generally rubbishy look of the volume are preserved, and can still be enjoyed as fooling not yet stale, though it can hardly be made perennial.

M. Yves Guyot has written and Dr. E. B. Truman has translated what they call "A Study in Social Physiology": 'Prostitution under the Regulation System' (J. W. Bouton). It is a very Gallic and hysterical assault upon the contagious-dis-eases acts of England, and the analogous laws of France. The author's animus appears to be not moral but legal indignation. He is filled with wrath over intrusion upon the liberty of the subject, and as he had himself fallen into the hands of the French police, he speaks with the fervor kindled by persecution, just or unjust. Although a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, authority and its agents are very distasteful to him, and he looks upon his compatriots as "descendants of the theologians of the Middle Ages, and heirs of the nation of fools, so completely elaborated by our old university; with our minds full of the formulas of our lawyers and the dogmas of our priests." His English colleagues, actuated by purely moral sentiments, by this time probably

do not relish the coalition. He asserts "there are very few lawful marriages into which the question of gain does not enter," and he is evidently disposed to place all alliances on much the same legal footing. The book strikes us as a study of social psychology quite as much as of physiology, and as a curious but not particularly inviting or valuable contribution to social science. We think the author is right in maintaining that general hospitals should receive all classes of disease, the proper sanitary precautions being observed.

The current issues of *L'Art*, Nos. 485, 486 (J. W. Bouton), complete the illustrated article on Charles Le Brun, and discourse of the Holbeins in the Munich Gallery (of one of which, a portrait, it gives a fine etching by Boecklin), and the landscape painters in the same collection. Much the greatest interest attaches to certain plates, from woodcuts by Christopher Jegher, of Antwerp, after paintings by Rubens. Jegher, like Rubens himself, was often employed by the great publishing house of Plantin-Moretus at Antwerp. The vigor of these large engravings is very remarkable. They might at first blush pass for copper-engraving, and one, "The Repose in Egypt," has all the appearance of work on metal. In the "Silenus Drunk," however, the "white line" is unmistakable.

Morand & Co. send us their photogravure after a miniature of Washington made by James Sharpless in the year 1795. The photographic copy was an enlargement, and presumably there has been some retouching; though in the miniature itself also the marks of age may have been smoothed over. In other respects, the portrait is the familiar one, but with distinction of its own, and it deserves a place in any collection. The accompanying chart (which is included in the price of the engraving) undertakes to show the Washington pedigree, and to make our national hero the descendant of Kings of England, Scotland, and France. The publishers ought to know that this is all rubbish, and that the connection with the English line has never been satisfactorily established, whatever may be the probabilities in the case.

In the August-September *Art Union* the editor warns artists against what he considers the "true inwardness" of the prize-fund scheme which we lately noticed. He declares it to be simply an assault on the National Academy, from which it seeks to draw away the best pictures by the hope of a dazzling award.

It was a very natural and proper idea to cull from Whittier's poetry the Scriptural allusions and to place them beside the original words of the Bible. This has been done, and well done, by Gertrude W. Cartland, in 'Text and Verse for Every Day in the Year' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Sometimes the parallelism is almost literal, sometimes rather remote, but the task has not presented such difficulties as might have been imagined. The little volume is calculated to give strength and comfort to a wide circle and to increase the poet's admirers.

William R. Jenkins, 850 Sixth Avenue, has added to his 'Théâtre Contemporain' Ohnet's play, "Le Maître de Forges." Belot's "Le Testament de César Girodot" will follow next in this series, and About's "Le Roi des Montagnes" in the "Romans Choisis" of the same publisher.

Mélusine for September 5 has some capital African tortoise tales. Is it on the Amazon or in Uncle Remus's realm that one finds, as here, the tortoise caught by the foot, and getting off by pretending that his enemy has seized a root by mistake?

A minute account, by Alfred Emerson, of Kiesintky's article on the Athena Parthenos of the Ermitage in the *Mittheilungen* of the German Archaeological Institute at Athens is given in No. 18 of the *American Journal of Philology*. Our

readers have already had this article called to their attention with less particularity. Two medallions of beaten gold containing the head of Athena, with attributes neglected in the rude statuette discovered four years ago near the Varvakeion, serve both to check and to confirm the latter.

The first article in the *Antiquary* for August is the third of the series upon the House of Lords—"Its Place of Meeting," by Henry B. Wheatley. This gives occasion for some discussion of the interesting, but probably unsolvable question, as to the relation of the Lords and Commons in the early Parliaments, whether they sat in the same chamber, and at what time the present division into two houses was made. The paper is mainly occupied with a description of local details, illustrated by a plan. The next paper is a very interesting one, upon "The Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery," by W. Brailsford. This lady is the author of the famous letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State, in reply to his request for her influence in the election of a member for Appleby: "I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand." She being an ardent adherent of the King in the Civil War, while her husband, the Earl of Pembroke, was a leading Parliamentarian, there was little harmony between them. They seldom lived together, and he appears even to have kept her in confinement. A second paper, upon "Legends of Mecklenburgh," by Jessie Young, contains many entertaining and instructive traditions. We will also mention Mr. Round's second paper upon the Tower Guards, Mr. Walford's article upon Greenwich Fair, and Mr. Bent's upon London in 1669.

The shortcomings of most of our town histories are suggestively pointed out by Robert Luce in the *Granite Monthly* for September-October. The writer is led to discuss them, with illustrative examples, from his knowledge of the excellence of the census monographs, now in press, on "The Social Statistics of Cities." These will make two large volumes, and have been compiled under the direction of Colonel Waring. Mr. Cable's historical sketch of New Orleans is the most significant as a piece of literary work; but "nearly every community in the land containing more than ten thousand inhabitants has a more or less full account."

To those newspaper readers to whom, after all the talk on France, China, and Tonquin, an historical sketch of the last-named country, especially in its relations to the Celestial Empire, with remarks on the Black Flags and prognostications as to the probable results of the impending contest, may still be acceptable, we can recommend the following little book: "Tungking," by William Mesny, Major-General in the Imperial Chinese Army (London, 1884). The author has had some special sources of information, owing to his connections in the Chinese service, and his historical account is readable, in spite of its often bristling with barbarous names in a most unpardonable manner—as when he tells us that the country was successively known "by the various names of Lo-yüeh-ti, Nan-chiao, Lu-liang, Chiao-chou, Wu-p'ing-chün, Chiu-chün, Sung-p'ing-chün," etc., etc. The descriptive part is very fragmentary and defective. The author betrays a strong anti-French bias, and he makes no secret of his object, to impress upon his English readers that Anam "has been for more than thirty centuries and still is" the vassal of China; that France has "ruthlessly and without legitimate excuse" endeavored to seize Tonquin; that the Black Flags are recognized Chinese and Anamese troops, "and not rebels"; that the Anamese hate the French "with a bitter, un-

quenchable hatred"; that "France has already met no mean foe," and that a reverse of the French "will be the death-blow to their dream of a colonial empire in the East."

After the appearance of so many recent writings, lexicographical, grammatical, or philological-comparative, on the pre-Semitic idiom of ancient Babylonia, variously designated by Assyriologists as the Accadian, Sumerian, or Sumero-Accadian language, it is almost surprising to find that the controversy raised some ten years ago by M. Joseph Halévy concerning the very existence of such an idiom is not yet ended. That French scholar, in a series of articles published in the *Journal Asiatique*, endeavored to prove that what were considered in the cuneiform inscriptions columns of non-Semitic words, in juxtaposition with the Semitic Assyrian-Babylonian vocables, were in reality but columns of signs in a special artificial style of writing, used by Semites. This heterodox archaeological view he subsequently defended in various publications, against the refutations of Oppert, Schrader, Lenormant, and Sayce, but without success. In 1882, however, another French Orientalist, M. Stanislas Guyard, came forth on the same side of the controversy in the *Revue de l'Historie des Religions*, and Halévy reiterated his opinions in his "Mélanges de critique et d'histoire relatifs aux peuples sémitiques," published in 1883. Against both Professor Schrader has again taken up the defence of Accadianism, with his wonted display of learning and laboriousness, in two lectures delivered before the Prussian Academy of Sciences, and published by the Academy under the title "Zur Frage nach dem Ursprung der altbabylonischen Cultur" (Berlin, 1884).

An interesting work illustrating the history of the French in Northern New York in early colonial times has lately been published at Paris. The title is "Journal d'une Expédition contre les Iroquois en 1687, par le Chevalier de Baugy." The writer was aide-de-camp to the Marquis de Denonville. Hitherto for the history of this campaign we have had Denonville's official report, which is contained in O'Callaghan's "Documentary History of New York," vol. i., and, with notes by O. H. Marshall, in the New York Historical Society's Collections, 2d series, vol. ii.; an account, apparently by a participant, given in the Abbé Belmont's "Histoire du Canada"; and Indian reports, printed in vol. ix. of the "Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York." The notorious Baron La Hontan also gives an account in his memoirs.

—From English sources we derive the following literary intelligence: The first number of the *International Magazine*, an addition to the ever-growing list, will be issued to-day in London by David Bogue. The contents will comprise "contemporary biography, records of travel, enterprises at home and abroad," and some general literature. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson finished the novel he was engaged on when he was attacked by his long and serious illness. It is named "Prince Otto," and is described as a fantastic and humoristic study of modern manners. It will be published immediately in London by Longmans. Mr. Hamerton's new work on "Landscape," on which he has been closely occupied for some time, will consist of a series of chapters or essays on landscape in nature, literature, and art. The sea is, of course, included under the term landscape. It will contain forty illustrations on copper, half of them being etchings or engravings. Among the original etchings will be the "Port of Blanzy," by Mr. Hamerton himself; "Le Bas-Meudon," and "Nogent-sur-Marne," by M. Lalanne; "Lobster Fishers," by Colin Hunter; and "Stag and Tree," by Heywood Hardy. In addi-

tion to these there will be an etching of Turner's "Totnes," specially executed for this work by Brunet-Debaines, and one of Landseer's "Eagle's Nest," by C. O. Murray. The edition will consist of 1,250 ordinary copies and 500 copies on large paper. Mrs. K. F. Kroeker, the daughter of the German poet Freiligrath, has translated Brentano's fairy tales, which are so popular with German children, and they will be published shortly in London by T. Fisher Unwin, with twenty-two illustrations by Mr. F. C. Gould, who is known as the illustrator of the holiday numbers of *Truth*. Mr. Joseph Thomson's narrative of his recent travels and explorations in the region between Zanzibar and the Victoria Nyanza is about to be published by Sampson Low & Co. M. Gustave Masson has written a little work on Richelieu, by the light of the most recent research, which will be published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A new annotated edition of Walton's "Complete Angler" is in preparation by several members of the Gresham and the Piscatorial Angling Societies and the editors of the London *Angler's Journal*. Hurst & Blackett have in the press a new work in two volumes by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, entitled "The Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington, with Pictures of the Period in which She Lived." Arrangements are being made for the issue of an American edition of the *Illustrated London News* on the same day as its publication in England. The Oxford University Press have in preparation an annual of a rather new and remarkable kind, for the use of worshippers in the Established Church. It is an "Annual Sunday Service Book of the Church of England," in which "the morning and evening services will be given without omission or alteration of any kind, in the precise order in which they are used in our churches Sunday by Sunday throughout the year; so that they can henceforward be readily and intelligently followed even by persons wholly unaccustomed to them." It is significant, too, that at the same time a clergyman of the Established Church writes to a leading London paper, under the title "Common Sense in the Church Services," proposing that the bridegroom should be required to say simply, while affixing the emblem of union upon the finger of the bride, "With this ring I thee wed, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And he also asserts that "the coarse and indelicate opening exhortation to the office for the solemnization of matrimony is a source of pain and grief to thousands."

—The *Atlantic* for October is distinguished by a narrative of the unfortunate expedition against Crown Point, in which Dr. Parkman describes the gathering of the raw levies at Albany and their march through the colonial wilderness, and, with his characteristic pictorial touch, brings out the figures of the leaders, their principles and spirit. With particular felicity, he tells over the story of "the Bloody Morning Scout" and the battle it began, in which the farmer recruits in homespun, matched with the white-uniformed French regulars, fought, as the French commander said, "in the morning like good boys, about noon like men, and in the afternoon like devils." This sketch is one of the most engaging of the author's scenes, if one may so designate the purple patches of his histories. The fact that Leigh Hunt would have been one hundred years old had he lived until October 19, is the occasion of the study given under the title of "An English Literary Cousin"; and this recognition of him, in an age of centenaries, is made to come from our country because Hawthorne claimed him as an American gone astray at his birth. The article offers nothing new in fact or comment, but is merely an "occasional" piece; yet

it is not without its interest, and, whatever one may think of such a pleasantly-chirping poet as Hunt, none will grudge a few words of kindly and, rightly enough, uncritical remembrance to the friend of Shelley and the victim of Dickens. Of more entertaining quality is the letter that George Houghton has found in the Lord Dorchester Papers, which describes that incipient Caesar, Washington, at the Princeton Commencement in 1783, listening, as the British emissary thought, with clouded face and downcast look, while the young collegian "extolled the virtues of the man who could stab even his father when attempting the liberties of his country." An article on the condition of Southern collegiate and academic education is the statistical paper of the number, and will prove valuable reading to educators, since reliable information from that quarter is difficult to obtain. The author points out the fact that a large number of inferior colleges destroys academies and confuses the minds of the youth as to the relative value of their education, and he especially laments the preponderating influence of the University of Virginia on the organization of the schools of the South, since he believes that a definite and required curriculum, with the slightest election, is the one necessary for the social condition of that section. Some movements contrary to this, he indicates, are already at work, and he cites Vanderbilt University, Tenn.; Central College, Mo.; Wofford College, S. C.; and Emory and Henry College, Va., as returning to a more fixed course of study. This is a sign of the great difference that still exists between the Northern and the Southern civilization so far as it is embodied in, or reflected by, institutions.

—The educational question is also taken up in *Lippincott's* in a very clear and directly illustrative paper on "A School without Text-books"—the school in question being that established at Zurich forty-eight years ago by a nephew of Froebel. The system is well enough known—the instruction given orally and by the aid of objects is the chief feature—and its capacity is being tested now in this country. The plea is made that the strain on a twelve-year-old child's faculties is diminished by a part of it being thrown on the attention of the senses instead of exclusively on the mind, and by the greater interest and pleasure felt by the student under *viva-voce* methods. There are, however, two sides to this question, and were there any sign that this prolongation of the Kindergarten period into youth were to be favored among us, a disquisition might be necessary. The practical instincts are, no doubt, highly developed, the knowledge of the specific facts is more tenaciously held, and so on; but the neglect of the slowly-formed powers of abstraction and imagination (among the latest of human acquisitions) is a very marked characteristic of the system. In these powers is the future of the child's faculty for originality and reflection and his appreciation of poetry and philosophy. Some of us might prefer Ruskin's ideal school—of a schoolmistress telling fairy tales to the group of children, and rigidly excluding from her discourse everything that was true. On a lower level of objection, many parents must hesitate to give full scope to the vagaries of an individual teacher, and be glad of the limitations of a text-book as a restraint upon him; and, again, the use of books, to which the mind becomes accustomed very slowly, and the habit of looking to them as something fixed and authoritative, cannot be unquestioningly delayed to so late a period. In fact, this system is essentially a substitution of the teacher for the parent to such an extent as to require genius on the part of the former and implicit trust on that of the latter; and were these conditions obtained, the rightness of the method is

still to be determined. We note, in this same number, the conclusion of Coleman's "Reminiscences of Reade," and a denial of the statement made in London that Reade, in his alleged conversion by a non-conformist minister, was conscience-stricken on account of his connection with the stage—a denial which Mr. Coleman follows up by a fling at the detractor, Mr. Graham, who, it seems, "did not disdain to receive the 'wages of sin' in the shape of a substantial legacy" earned by the representation of the plays in "that 'pit of abomination,' a play-house."

—*Harper's* opens with an interesting account of Hans Christian Andersen's home in Copenhagen and Odense, by Mr. Horace E. Scudder, admirably illustrated, and written in that author's well-known amiable vein. Its picturesqueness is very noticeable, and many of the incidents of the walking-tour in the neighborhood are told almost with the charm of naïveté. The early history of King's College, as Columbia was originally named, though deficient in color and in anecdote, will restore to passing memory some of the better known scenes and figures of old New York life before commerce left the Knickerbockers so far behind in their comfortable somnolency; but, for an antiquarian sketch, it is extraordinarily ill-furnished. The statistical article of this magazine is an exhaustive one on municipal indebtedness, bristling with figures to show our extravagance past, present, and to come, and with comparisons of many odious kinds to awake the business sense of the city communities to their danger. It is an oft-told story, and is here presented with force and clearness; but figures have so little influence on legislators, and the public mind has become so accustomed to contemplate nine or ten in a row, that even the author cannot expect to secure attention to the subject. A statistical alarmist is, in a democratic society, an extraordinarily ineffective person. The finest literary article in *Harper's* is a reminiscence, in excellent taste, of a visit with Darwin. This is accompanied by a masterly engraving from a photograph of the great naturalist, taken in the year following the publication of the 'Origin of Species,' and showing him in his prime and without a beard. The short stories, as is too frequently the case with this magazine, are adapted to the lowest respectable popular appreciation.

—Why is it that an *édition de luxe* published for a little group of Southern gentlemen is more impressive than many columns of statistics of the progress of popular education in that section? Without answering our own inquiry, we call attention to the sumptuous quarto volume that constitutes number one of the Filson Club Publications. The Filson Club was organized on May 15 at Louisville, Ky., by ten associates, of whom the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Speed, bears perhaps the most widely-known family name. Their object was and is to collect and preserve what pertains to the history of Kentucky, and they limit their membership to "persons known to take an interest in historic studies, and to be capable of arranging and presenting the information they may obtain as to be useful to others." And who is their patron saint? A Northerner, a Pennsylvanian schoolmaster and civil engineer, who wrote the first history and made the first authentic map of Kentucky, laid out the city of Cincinnati and invented a fantastic but euphonious name for it, which was rejected, and surveyed a road from Lexington to the mouth of the Licking, which became ultimately the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railway. More than this, Filson's history first made the world acquainted with the adventures of Daniel Boone; so that on all sides his title to remembrance seems peculiarly strong. His history was at once (1785) translated into French and published at Paris, in

1793 was reprinted at London as part of another work, and is about to be reproduced once more by Robert Clarke & Co., the publishers of the Club. Filson was certainly not a great or impressive personage, but he was a sort of adventurer extremely useful for the time and the scene of his activity, and not without aspirations for the spread of enlightenment in a philanthropic spirit. All that can be now learned of him was related to the Club by its President, Mr. Reuben T. Durrett, in the paper now published as above under the title of 'The Life and Writings of John Filson.' His map, which had become a subject of debate as non-existent, is given in facsimile, as is also a page of his handsome handwriting and a miniature of his handsome, not to say doleful, countenance. The brochure is rightly printed in Cincinnati (by Robert Clarke & Co.), since Filson was one of the three original proprietors of the site of that city. We regard this movement with great interest, as of good omen for Kentucky and for the South, to which it sets a worthy example.

—Mr. H. C. Sorby read a paper before the Society of Arts conference on water supply lately which might have been entitled "The Rehabilitation of Animalcules." People who have been frightened by the sight of the marine monsters which the microscope reveals in a drop of water, will be glad to learn that they are not enemies but friends of man; that they are scavengers, devouring dead animal matter and positively thriving upon human excrement. And as is usual in the processes of nature, this purifying provision is elastic, the number of scavengers adapting itself much better than if under the orders of a Board of Health to the amount of garbage to be removed—the more sewage the faster do they multiply; when the demand for mouths diminishes, the number of eaters at once falls off. The possible increase of the laborers in this health department is enormous, a single female cyclops being capable of producing in one season five thousand millions of young. But curiously there is a point where nature fails: water may be so saturated with decaying animal matter as to overtax the powers of entomostraca and to drive them away, so that the purification ceases for a time. Thus two points are explained which sometimes puzzle the ordinary man: first, why this constant influx of filth does not end by making all rivers and the ocean itself utterly vile; and, second, how it sometimes happens that a river that is usually unobjectionable becomes suddenly offensive. There is some difference, it appears, between the different groups of entomostraca in this respect: an increase of sewage will lead to a rapid diminution of some and a corresponding increase of others. There are beings of refined taste, evidently, even among animalcules.

—Another paper read at the Congress was of great interest—Mr. G. P. Bevan's on "The Thames and the Public Health." He denounced the present treatment of the river roundly, both in regard to the water supply above London and the sewage disposition below. To furnish London with water the Thames Companies abstract two-thirds of the daily flow, and leave a large part of the river bed dry in the warm season. To relieve London of its filth, the river from Henley to Gravesend is made a mere sewer; for the point of discharge is so far from the mouth of the river that a very large portion of the sewage does not get out into the sea at all, but travels with the tide up and down the river, which every one knows looks like a thick broth and kills the unfortunate people who are thrown into it by steam-boat accidents. Mr. Bevan proposes that the sewage should all be carried across the Essex marshes to Foulness Island, a little to the north of Shoeburyness, and there cast into the German Ocean, or, better still, be converted into a valua-

ble manure, or spread over large farms, as is to be done by the city of Paris at Gennevilliers. Space is plenty in that region, and a brisk manufacturing business of a not very savory kind could be carried on there without offending the neighbors. At any rate, the Thames would be relieved and London preserved from discomfort now and a possible pestilence in the future. Not all Mr. Solly's entomostra can fully deal with the exuviae of that rapidly growing city. One hundred and sixty-four million gallons are discharged daily now. In twenty years it will be two hundred millions. The river will perhaps have reached that point at which nature refuses to purify it.

—M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the French publicist and economist, has repeatedly been introduced to our readers, in notices of his 'L'Empire des Tsars et les Russes,' as the keenest and most brilliant foreign expounder of contemporary Russian affairs. To that grand publication, the third volume of which is shortly to appear, his latest production, 'Un Homme d'Etat Russe' (Paris, 1884), forms a very pleasant, though comparatively somewhat light, companion book. It is in some respects less, and in others more, than a biography of its hero, Nicholas Alexeyevitch Milyutin, on whose inedited correspondence, surrendered to the author by friendly hands, it is founded; and it is therefore characterized in its sub-title as a 'Study of Russia and Poland during the Reign of Alexander II. (1855-1872).' The private life of Milyutin is completely left out, and the sketch of his career as a statesman and a reformer is made to embrace so much of the doings and thinking of his two inseparable friends and co-workers, George Samarin and Prince Vladimir Tcherkasski, that it becomes the history of a triumvirate: for such a political combination, through the submission of the Czar to its lead, the three friends really formed during the emancipation period of the late Imperial reign. There was much that distinguished the three from each other, in their origin, mental endowments, habits of life, and external position; but their political creed and passion bound them as firmly together as Robespierre, Saint-Just, and Couthon ever were united in life or death.

—The winter season is just beginning at the Paris theatres, and correspondents are giving lists of new plays announced for production. There will be, however, comparatively few novelties this year, several of the theatres simply continuing the successes with which they left off. With regard to authors' profits from the long runs which pieces have nowadays, some startling figures are given. Dumas fils is said to have taken 230,000 francs in six years at the *Français* alone. Meilhac received nearly 50,000 francs in a single month, when four of his pieces were running at the same time. Marais recently claimed \$1,600 a month in a dispute with the director of the *Porte St.-Martin* Theatre, and Lasalle pockets \$2,700 for a month from the opera. Goethe's 'Egmont,' by Salveyre, is the principal novelty promised at the opera, where also a new ballet founded on the fable of the 'Deux Pigeons' is to be produced. The *Théâtre-Italien*, with Adelina Patti for prima donna, announces 'Aben-Hamat,' by Dubois; 'Le Chevalier Jean,' by Joncières; 'Richard III.,' by Salveyre; and 'Benvenuto Cellini,' by Diaz. The *Folies Dramatiques* will open with 'Rip Rip,' by Planchette, which has already proved a success in London under the title of 'Rip van Winkle.' This will be followed by a new comic opera, called 'Les Trois Petits Mousquetaires' (founded on Dumas's novel), by Ferrier and Prevel, the music by Varney. Madame Judic is coming to America, so the *Variétés* will be without its chief attraction, and its only

novelty, therefore, will be a new vaudeville by Gondinet and Blum, called 'Mademoiselle Gayroche.' The authors and composers of *opéra bouffe* have been very industrious. At the *Bouffes Parisiennes* two new works are announced, 'Le Diable au Corps,' by Blum and Toché, music by Marenco, and 'Le Chevalier Mignon,' by Clairville, music by Wentzel. Both Marenco and Wentzel are as yet unknown to fame. The *Nouveautés* offers very strong attractions in the shape of an *opéra comique* in three acts, called 'La Nuit au Soufflets,' by D'Ennery and Ferrier, music by Hervé, and 'La Vie Mondaine,' a four-act operette by Najac and Ferrier, music by Lecocq.

—The *Français* will open with a three-act comedy by Raymond Deslandes, called 'Antoinette Rigaud,' and later in the season will produce another one-act piece in verse, by Théodore de Banville (the author of the very successful 'Grimoire'), called 'La Femme de Socrate,' in which Coquelin will play the philosopher. 'L'Héritière,' a one-act piece by Morand, in which Coquelin and Mlle. Reichemberg will take the two parts, is also announced at this theatre. At the *Odéon*, 'Le Mari,' a comedy, by Nus and Arnould, will be the first novelty, to be followed by 'La Maison des deux Barbeaux,' the first dramatic work of André Theuriet. A four-act comedy by Jannet, called 'Les Imbéciles,' and a drama of the Bourse, by Louis Davyl, entitled 'Isaac 1er,' are also on the programme. The *Vaudeville* opens with a new three-act comedy, by Moreau, entitled 'Un Divorcé,' the first dramatic result of the new divorce law. Then in succession will come 'L'Amour,' a play in four acts, by D'Ennery and Davyl; 'L'Américaine,' a play in four acts, by Jules Claretie; 'La Doctoresse,' a comedy in three acts, by Ferrier and Bocage; and 'La Revanche d'Ève,' a comedy in three acts, by Madame Barrière. If ever the 'Maitre de Forges' comes to an end at the *Gymnase*, a comedy will be produced by Meilhac and Gille, entitled 'La Ronde du Commissaire,' and also two adaptations of novels, Claretie's 'Prince Zilah,' and Mario Uchard's 'Mademoiselle Blaisot,' of each of which 50,000 copies have already been sold. At the *Palais Royal* an important piece in four acts, also by Meilhac and Gille, is promised in the course of the season, and two other novelties called 'Cupidon' and 'Tout Feu, Tout Flamme.' The *Ambigu* announces an English drama called 'Bob,' and the *Porte St.-Martin* will probably bring out the historic tragedy of 'Théodora,' which Victorien Sardou is writing for Sarah Bernhardt. Among rumors, we may mention Victor Hugo's drama of 'Cromwell,' and another venturesome attempt to present 'Lohengrin' to a French audience, more risky than ever since the successes of the French fleet in the East. The rebuilt and redecorated *Ambigu*, we may also note, is the first French theatre to be lighted by electricity. Altogether, therefore, in spite of the statement freely made that the coming season will be a comparatively barren one, there will hardly be any lack of new pieces to engage the attention of play-goers and critics, although it is true that most of the novelties are light and not very important productions, and that only one of the great French playwrights—Sardou—will be represented by a new work. On the other hand, however, the adapters of *opéra bouffe* will find plenty of fresh material provided for them.

MARGARET FULLER.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. [American Men of Letters.] Second Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. By R. W. Emerson, W. H. Channing, and J. F. Clarke. 2 volumes in one. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

It is impossible to read either of the two works whose titles are given above without feeling that at the present day we lack, with regard to any Transcendentalist biography, one qualification supposed to be essential to a just appreciation of all literary memoirs—that of sympathy. The public is not, to be sure, in the frame of mind which led the Knickerbocker writers of the last generation to dub the writers for the *Dial* "zany"; it is in a mood rather ready to appreciate. It would like to believe if possible that the Transcendentalists were the fathers and mothers of American thought and letters; to discover the true secret of their influence and fame; to learn what it was that made them so hated and so loved, so revered and so ridiculed. For this task, in respect to the great female Transcendentalist, Mr. Higginson is better qualified in almost every particular than his predecessors, the joint authors of the original biography. Cradled in the Transcendental traditions of New England, he has lived to emancipate himself from them, and to be able to look upon them with a critical, though never coldly critical, eye. It will not surprise the reader to find that he does not at all sympathize with the only critic of the New England renaissance with whom we should think of comparing him, Mr. James. Mr. James's term "parochial," applied to Thoreau, greatly, and not unnaturally, irritates Mr. Higginson, who revolts against the implied prediction that the verdict of the future on the Transcendental movement is to be that it was a petty local affair—much as the worldlings of the time insisted that it was. Parochial! cries Mr. Higginson in disgust. As well call Kant a parochial philosopher, or Goethe a parochial poet, because they lived in places which, compared with our modern capitals, were of the village type. If we apply such a term to Thoreau, what shall we say about Emerson, about Parker, about Margaret Fuller? Are we not drawing dangerously near the line which divides the sublime from the ridiculous when we admit to ourselves that such epithets, applied by an American critic to an American seer, are permissible? The point is one upon which we are far from wishing to enter, and we merely refer to it as indicating the generous warmth of feeling with which Mr. Higginson has engaged in his task—his very difficult task—of making a Transcendental biography interesting. He has a spark of the afflatus himself. He is not a Transcendentalist, because there are none now; but we feel in reading his volume that under better conditions he might have been one, and that he feels in his heart that Transcendentalism was a loftier and nobler thing than criticism of it can ever be.

We have ventured once or twice to suggest the idea in these columns that the movement in which Margaret Fuller played such a conspicuous part cannot be understood at all except as a distinctly New England outbreak. It could have been set on foot nowhere except in New England, and nowhere except in New England could any intellectual movement have taken on its peculiar hues and shades. It was an attempt to furnish a substitute for a time-worn theological philosophy of life by people who really had no substitute ready. It was a revolt against a narrow theology in the interest of a philosophy which—except so far as it consisted in the doctrine that every one must think for himself—did not exist. The *Dial*, as Mr. Higginson himself points out, was not written by people who thought alike: it was written by people who thought differently, and because they thought differently. The account given of the origin and management of this odd magazine by Margaret Fuller's latest

biographer is full of interest; and it is by no means a bad indication of what the enterprise was, that at the outset the solemn Alcott should have somewhat bitterly complained of Miss Fuller's editorship as of a too worldly-minded cast. The theological, or rather anti-theological, genesis of the *Dial*—i. e., of Transcendentalism—is a fact which, in estimating its character, cannot be made too prominent. Who does the reader suppose were the bright young Bohemians, the New England *libres penseurs*, who assisted at its birth? They were four young Unitarian clergymen—Dr. Emerson, Dr. Hedge, Dr. Ripley, and Dr. Putnam—who, meeting at the bicentennial celebration of that headquarters of orthodox religion, Harvard College, "got into some conversation about the narrow tendencies of thought in the churches." It was, then, four embattled clergymen who, afterward enlisting with them such congenial spirits as O. A. Brownson, Theodore Parker, C. A. Bartol, some unnamed "divinity students," and Margaret Fuller and Elizabeth P. Peabody, fired the shot heard round the world, but heard outside of New England rather with curiosity than with the feeling that it was the crack of doom to the established order of thought. Carlyle heard it at Ecclefechan, and laughed at it; for, being a seer himself, he was perfectly able to see the comicality of a number of his inferiors setting up as seers. Elsewhere it attracted at the time little or no attention, and even in New England Hawthorne and Lowell had the hardihood to make more or less fun of it, while in godless New York the *littérateurs* who were attempting to found a school of their own, and who would have been sadly embarrassed by a "potato gospel" or by the "sisterhood of Reforms," laughed all the louder at the noise because they felt that they had in their own keeping the real germs of a new American literature.

If we imagine a community hide-bound in theological thought for two centuries, cut off from communication with the rest of the world by the distance from Europe, by the absorption of its inhabitants in a hard and material life, and bound by forms, ceremonies, and prejudices to a degree not to be found anywhere now, we can see perhaps why it was that the first effort at independent thought in New England was so queer, and had so little relation to thought anywhere else. The mould of thought among all thinking men was theological, or at best metaphysical. In order to be less theological there was nothing for it but to be more metaphysical. That the Transcendentalists did an important piece of work in knocking off the theological shackles from New England, is not to be disputed, and could any assistant have been found better adapted to help on such a work than a clever woman, inspired by all the loftier thoughts of the time and by the companionship and friendship and emulation of the chief men? Margaret Fuller would undoubtedly have made her mark anywhere, but nowhere else could she have been the friend of Emerson; nowhere else could she have edited the *Dial*. She, too, thought for herself. Brilliant in conversation, acute in analysis of character, and gifted with a genuinely feminine appreciation of masculine thought, she was eminently fitted to heighten the generous aspirations, and we must say also to increase the confusion, which marked the Transcendental movement. Mr. Higginson makes her character attractive; he does not make her intellectual rank so clear. Shall we compare her with George Sand, with Mme. Roland, with George Eliot, with Mme. de Staél, or with Sappho? It was difficult to know how to do so, because, while we know exactly what all these ladies in their various spheres of activity accomplished, it is hard to explain exactly what Margaret Fuller did. What has she left behind

her? We are unable to agree with Mr. Higginson in his estimate of her literary gifts. She has left no substantial literary performance which is to be compared with the work of the great literary women. As a talker she had evidently great powers; but here again it must be admitted that Miss Fuller's conversations were not in the taste or adapted to the comprehension of the present day. One of Mr. Emerson's contributions to the 'Memoirs' gives a better idea, perhaps, of the conversations than Mr. Higginson's chapter on the same subject does. On one occasion, March 22, 1841, the question of the day was, "What is life?"

"Margaret did not believe we had, any of us, a distinct idea of life. A. S. thought so great a question ought to be given for a written definition. 'No,' said Margaret, 'that is of no use. When we go away to think of anything we never do think. We all talk of life. We all have some thought now. Let us tell it. C., what is life?' C. replied: 'It is to laugh, or cry, according to our organization.' 'Good,' said Margaret, 'but not grave enough. Come, what is life? I know what I think. I want you to find out what you think.' Miss P. replied: 'Life is division from one's principle of life in order to a conscious reorganization. We are cut up by time and circumstance, in order to feel our reproduction of the eternal law.' Mrs. E.: 'We live by the will of God, and the object of life is to submit,' and went on into Calvinism. . . . Margaret was then pressed to say what she considered life to be. Her answer was so full, clear, and concise, at once, that it cannot but be marred by being drawn through the scattering medium of my memory. But here are some fragments of her satisfying statement. She began with God, as Spirit, Life, so full as to create and love eternally, yet capable of pause. Love and creativeness are dynamic forces, out of which we, individually, as creatures, go forth bearing his image, that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we also add constantly to the total sum of existence," etc., etc.

The next day, says Mr. Emerson, whom we cannot help suspecting of a slightly humorous appreciation of Miss Fuller, some of those who were present "begged Margaret to repeat the statement concerning life with which she closed the last conversation. Margaret said she had forgotten every word she said. She must have been inspired by a good genius to have so satisfied everybody—but the good genius had left her. She would try, however, to say what she thought, and trusted it would resemble what she had said already. She then went into the matter, and, true enough, she did not use a single word she used before."

The literary impression that we get of Margaret Fuller from Mr. Higginson's biography is very like the impression that we get of most of the other Transcendentalists—of people just freed from an outworn creed, and thinking for themselves without any method except such as they had actually inherited from the very system they had given up. What did they do for American literature? Emerson is the only writer of importance whom the school, if it can be called a school, produced, and Emerson's literary standing cannot yet be pronounced settled. But between the main current of American literature, even in New England, and Transcendentalism little or no connection can be traced. We owe to it neither Lowell, nor Hawthorne, nor Holmes, nor Whittier—to mention no others—and it made on contemporary European thought and letters a very slight impression. As time goes on, we fancy the part the Transcendentalists played in the development of America will seem rather more than less strange and incomprehensible. They were protagonists in the fight against materialism and convention. They threw open the windows and doors of the tightly-closed New England domain to the air and sunshine which they perceived outside and longed for. Suddenly endowed with intellectual freedom and seeking expression for it, they revelled in the new and incomprehensible. We cannot spare

the word: *pace* Mr. Higginson, Margaret Fuller loved the unintelligible, and when he defends her by saying, "She may be confused, rambling, sometimes high-flown, but she offers no paradoxes so startling as some of Emerson's and is incomparably smoother and clearer than Alcott," the line of defence seems rather dangerous.

In only one point do we find Mr. Higginson's very interesting account misleading: in indirectly conveying the idea that Margaret Fuller played an important part—that the Transcendentalists played an important part—in the development of modern literature. Do not we really always think of them as standing quite by themselves, in literature as in philosophy?

AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

Storms and Sunshine of a Soldier's Life. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1884.

UNDER this not very happy title we have presented for our perusal the life of a distinguished officer of the old East India Company's service, Lieutenant-General Colin Mackenzie. The name is a strange one to American readers, but the career depicted in these volumes was so fraught with peril and adventure, and was passed, in great part, amid such strange scenes and wild countries, that the biography is full of interest, although composed and put together with culpable haste and carelessness. General Mackenzie entered the service of the East India Company so far back as 1825, when the British possessions in India had not acquired their present magnitude, and the administration was conducted on much simpler and ruder methods than now. The Punjab was then an independent country, under the rule of the Maharaja Ranjeet Singh. Oudh was still governed by a Nawab; and a quarter of a century had still to pass before Lord Dalhousie entered upon that policy of annexing the petty native states which in the course of a very few years aroused the wrath and consternation that found expression in the great insurrection known as the Indian Mutiny. But then, as now, the minds of Anglo-Indian officials were greatly troubled by the advance of Russia in Central Asia. She had then only begun that forward movement which has now aligned the frontier of her Asiatic possessions with that of Afghanistan. The Central Asian Khanates—Khiva, Bokhara, Khoekand, and the rest—were unsubdued, but Russophobia then, as now, ruled in the counsels of the Indian Government to the absolute exclusion of reason and common sense. In 1838, this panic terror of Russia brought about the first English invasion of Afghanistan—assuredly the maddest project that was ever undertaken by responsible statesmen.

Afghanistan was at that time ruled by Dost Mohammed Khan, a chief of remarkable capacity both as a soldier and administrator; a man, moreover, as alarmed as the English themselves at the approach of Russia, and most solicitous to become the friend and ally of the British Government at Calcutta. Instead, however, of responding in the spirit of his advances, nothing could content Lord Palmerston in London and Lord Auckland in Calcutta but to drive the Dost from his throne and his dominions, and set up in his place a certain Shah Soojah, whose incapacity and misgovernment had been the occasion of his expulsion from Afghanistan a few years previously. This ex-king had no party in his own country, and could, therefore, be restored only by the intervention of British force, which force, before it could reach the frontier of Afghanistan, had to march either through the territory of the independent Amirs of Sind, or through that of the Punjab Maharaja. Consequently, as soon as it penetrated within Afghanistan it left its base

of supply at the mercy of an Indian prince. The main incidents of what followed are well known. The British troops, bringing their puppet king with them, had no difficulty in getting to Kabul, but, having got there, they could not come away. The puppet king was destitute of authority, and the troops were surrounded upon all sides by a fanatical and turbulent population. Incapacity and irresolution on the part of the English leaders aggravated all the difficulties of the situation, until at length the desperate resolution was formed to abandon the puppet king to his fate, and try to force a way back to India. The season was the depth of winter; the line of march lay through steep and narrow passes where a few resolute men would suffice to stop the progress of an army; and the desperate attempt failed disastrously—utterly. The entire English force, together with all their camp followers—to the number of 14,000 men—was, with the exception of a few captives, annihilated in the Khoord Kabul pass. In all these events Captain (as he then was) Colin Mackenzie played a prominent and distinguished part. It constitutes the most important episode in his long career as a soldier, and a brief account of his doings will serve to show how much of wild and stirring incident there is to be found in these volumes.

It was on the 2d of November, 1841, that the storm long gathering round the English army of occupation at Kabul actually burst. The city mob forced their way into the house of Sir Alexander Burnes, and murdered him, his brother, and Captain Broadfoot, of the Engineers. Captain Mackenzie was at this time in command of a small post known as "the Fort of Nishan Khan." The garrison consisted of twenty sepoys of the Company's army under a native non-commissioned officer, and ninety-five Afghan Yezailchis under the command of a native officer, also an Afghan, named Hasan Khan. There were also, in the fort and the gardens round it, a number of women, children, and camp followers, and a huge quantity of baggage as well as commissariat stores. The armed population of the city, now rendered doubly furious by their first taste of blood, poured down in great masses to attack the fort. Mackenzie was compelled to sacrifice the baggage and commissariat stores, which were scattered about in the gardens outside the fort; but he felt confident of being able to hold the fort until a force was sent to his relief from the British military cantonments situated at some distance beyond the city. The thing about which he felt doubtful was the temper of Hasan Khan and his Afghan Yezailchis. If they preferred siding with their countrymen to remaining "true to their salt," all was lost. But Mackenzie was one of those men whose personality would seem to have possessed a magical power over the minds of Orientals. Tall, handsome, a bold rider, yet courteous and gentle in all his relations with men, he was known among the Afghans by the title of "The King of the Franks." Hasan Khan and his soldiers yielded, like the rest of their countrymen, to the charm of his manner and his presence. Long afterwards, he said to Hasan Khan, "What made you come and fight for me when I was a stranger to you?" "You came out and called on us to come," was Hasan Khan's reply.

So much has been written about Afghan falsehood and perfidy, that it will not be amiss to turn aside for a moment from the defence of the Fort of Nishan Khan, to trace the fortunes of Hasan Khan. He and his Yezailchis stood by the English to the end. During the long defence of the military cantonments, they fought in every sally, and were in the thick of every engagement. They accompanied the retreat through the Khoord Kabul Pass. They fought until, of the defenders of the Fort of Nishan Khan, there

remained only Hasan Khan and some half dozen followers. Then, seeing that all was over, Hasan Khan obtained permission from one of the few surviving English officers to leave the relics of the retreating army, in order to provide for the safety of his own family. For many months Colin Mackenzie lost all intelligence of him, and feared to inquire lest he should hear that he had been killed. The relieving army under General Pollock had marched through the Khyber to Kabul; the captives had been released, and the English on their way back to India had encamped at Gundamuk. Writes Colin Mackenzie:

"On arriving at Gundamuk, as I dismounted, I saw a wretched, half-naked man standing by my tent-door. His bare feet were cut and bruised by sharp stones, his beard matted, and his eyes hollow and sunk. This was all that remained of the most splendid specimen of Eastern chivalry I have ever known. He waited to see if I should recognize him, and then rushed into my arms, fell on my neck, kissed me, and burst into tears. My joy may be imagined. I led him into the tent, procured him refreshment, clothes, and a pipe, and then heard from him a detailed account of all his adventures and miseries, which he frequently interrupted to bless God for the miracle of my preservation, for at one time he had also given me up for lost."

Hasan Khan accompanied Mackenzie back to India, when a pension was settled upon him by Lord Hardinge. When the Sikh war broke out, he again took the field and earned from Lord Gough—that fiery old Irish soldier—the commendation that he was the bravest man he had ever seen. In 1857, he, together with other Afghan exiles, was dwelling at Loodianah, and, on the breaking out of the insurrection, preserved the lives of the missionaries and others by giving them an asylum in his house. When the mutineers attacked the place, he placed his services at the disposal of the Magistrate, George Ricketts, fighting, this time, as an artilleryman, the Magistrate subsequently declaring him to be the "stanchest friend" he ever had. There is an abundance of similar splendid material to be found in the Indian dominions of the English Queen; and it may be asserted as a fact to which there will be very few exceptions, that a native whose mental endowments raise him above his fellows is, by natural inclination, the most zealous supporter of British rule. Unhappily, however, for the stability of the Empire, the English have not had the sagacity or the generosity to afford a career to these men. Beyond the pension granted by Lord Hardinge, Hasan Khan received no reward for nor recognition of his services. The Russian Government, wiser in its generation, would have given such a splendid soldier the command of a regiment, and lavished titles and decorations upon him.

For two days Mackenzie held the fort against the Afghans. He waited, hour after hour, for a force to be sent from cantonments to relieve him, but there all was consternation and disorder. The generals, dismayed at the position they were in, could decide upon nothing; and after forty-eight hours of incessant fighting or watching, Mackenzie resolved to abandon the fort, and cut his way to the cantonments. In the darkness of the night, and with a train of camp-followers to look after, he got separated from his faithful Yezailchis:

"Riding on alone along a narrow lane, to try and pick out the road, I found myself suddenly surrounded by a party of Afghans whom at first I took to be my own Yezailchis, and spoke to them as such. They quickly undeceived me, however, by crying out, 'Here is an European,' and attacking me with swords and knives. Spurring my horse violently, I wheeled round, cutting from right to left. My blows . . . parried the greater part of theirs, and I was lucky enough to cut off the hand of my most outrageous assailant. My sword went clear through the man's arm, but, just after, I received such a tremendous blow on the back of the head that, although the

sabre turned in my enemy's hand, it knocked me almost off my horse. The idea passed through my mind—'Well, this is the end of my career, and a miserable end it is, in a night skirmish with Afghans.' . . . I became insensible, hanging on the saddle by only one foot, but I did not let go the bridle. How I was rescued from that fearful peril I know not, but the next thing I remember is finding myself upright in the saddle in advance of the enemy, the whole picket firing after me. I passed unhurt through two volleys of musketry. The picket pursued, but I soon distanced them, crossing several fields at speed, and gaining a road which I perceived led round the western end of the Shah's garden. Proceeding cautiously along, I found to my horror my path again blocked up by a dense body of Afghans. Retreat was impossible, so, putting my trust in God, I charged into the midst of them, hoping that the weight of my horse would clear the way for me, and reserving my sword-cut for the last struggle. It was well that I did so, for by the time I had knocked over a heap of fellows—for they tumbled over one another—I found that they were my own Yezailchis. If you ever experienced sudden relief from a hideous nightmare, you may imagine my feelings for the moment."

Six weeks later, Colin Mackenzie formed one of the party which accompanied Sir W. Macnaghten to the interview with Akbar Khan, the son of the Dost, when Akbar caused the English envoy to be murdered. Mackenzie owed his escape upon this occasion to the gallantry and fidelity of an Afghan friend. It was after this murder that the fatal resolution was adopted by the English commanders to evacuate their cantonments, and attempt to return to India. Colin Mackenzie escaped the horrors of this retreat by the accident of his captivity. He was afterwards employed by Akbar Khan to act as the bearer of terms from him to General Pollock for the surrender of the English captives in Afghanistan, and his adventures on his perilous journey from Akbar Khan's place of residence to the headquarters of the British general at Jelalabad, as told by himself, are a most interesting story. Akbar Khan's terms were rejected by the English general, but Colin Mackenzie won the hearty admiration of the Afghans by returning forthwith to captivity instead of consulting his own safety by remaining with the English army.

The extracts we have given will convey some, though by no means an adequate, notion of the wild and varied incidents related in these volumes. Especially striking is the narrative of the naval operations for the extermination of the Malay pirates, and the description of the district of Peshawur under the rule of General Avitable, an European adventurer in the service of the Maharaja Runjeet Sing. In general, books which record the achievements of Anglo-Indian officials tell us nothing about the people among whom they lived, but this biography is an exception to the rule. We know of no book in which the Afghans are brought more vividly before us.

Memoir of Abbott Lawrence. By Hamilton Andrews Hill. 2d ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1884.

It was proper that this should not remain a privately-printed memoir. Abbott Lawrence's name is permanently associated with the industrial development of the country, with the progress of the higher education, and with the peculiarly American annals of public spirit and princely liberality. He was as useful as anybody in arranging the Ashburton treaty. He came very near being nominated Vice-President of the United States instead of Fillmore, and it must be esteemed the greatest good fortune of his life that he escaped being called upon to sign the Fugitive Slave Bill. He was elected to Congress in 1834, and had the distinction of being the first political candidate ever catechised as to his views on slavery. This, by the way, his biographer has entirely overlooked, though the Boston fire which

destroyed so many materials for the present work left untouched the record of Mr. Lawrence's cautious and somewhat haughty reply to the inquiry if he would vote for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He was reelected in 1838, and again catechised, and evidently had not made much progress in anti-slavery sentiment in the interval, though opposed to the annexation of Texas. He had the independence to break with Webster in 1842, preferring that Clay should be the party standard-bearer in 1844. The author of the 7th of March speech had his revenge by depriving Mr. Lawrence of the Vice-Presidency in 1848. The latter concluded his public service as Minister to the Court of St. James, where the first important matter requiring his attention was the neutrality of the Isthmus Canal.

While the political interest of this memoir is considerable, its economic value may be thought greater. Mr. Lawrence began his business career as an importer, and his conversion to protectionism coincided with his becoming a manufacturer. He tells of his having resisted the forcing of "the American system" upon New England by the tariffs of 1834 and 1838, and of his idle fears of the injury that would ensue to navigation. He thought it a consequence of protection that, "so far from our foreign commerce being diminished, it was increased," while our domestic tonnage and commerce were very soon more than quadrupled. He also flattered himself that, as a legislator, he had always unselfishly kept in view "those principles which would carry home to the Many the greatest amount of prosperity and happiness, believing that the Few will always take care of themselves." He did not apply these principles too closely when discussing with William C. Rives the causes of Virginia's falling-behind in the race for material prosperity. He even pointed out how what he euphemistically termed the "labor of that character which depends principally on physical strength"—i. e., slave labor—might be employed in the coarser manufactures. It was not the slaves whom he had in mind when, in the same letter, he said, "We should strive to elevate the laboring and less-favored classes"; and again, that by the introduction of "a regular system of the division of labor"—white intelligent and black unintelligent—"a desire for knowledge will be created: more education, more intellectual cultivation will be desired by those engaged in the mechanical departments." Had he so intended or been understood, the Hon. Mr. Rives would have committed the letter to the flames with a pair of tongs as an "incendiary" document, and the editor of the Richmond *Whig* would have closed his columns to the correspondence, with some appropriate remarks on firebrands in the mails from a sister State. The "humble classes" whom William S. Archer, of Virginia, hoped to win "to habits of regular and systematic industry from lethargy, loafing, and dissoluteness," were equally not the slaves. Senator Archer was pressing Mr. Lawrence to accept an invitation to come to that State and take the lead in developing its water power. Mr. Hill's reflections on what might have happened to the friendly relations between North and South—they "might never have been broken"—if Mr. Lawrence had consented, betray the same want of humor that Mr. Lawrence's diagnosis of the Southern malady did.

It was a necessary consequence of "the American system" that moneyed men should more and more be thought of, and should put themselves forward, as candidates for Congress. Our dismal experience of the Crédit Mobilier would alone suffice to make unpopular now the dictum of Webster in 1850, here reported: "Boston should send commercial men to Congress; they are infinitely more useful than lawyers." On the other

hand, there is an echo of the present time in this extract concerning Mr. Polk, before the election in 1844: "He has told us," says Mr. Lawrence to the Whigs of Essex County, the then citadel of protection, "that he is in favor of a horizontal tariff of 20 per cent., the effect of which would be (if adopted), in opening our markets to all the world, to place our free and independent laborers on an equality with the pauper laborers of Europe." Here Mr. Lawrence was hardly faithful to his idea of international commerce. In 1846, in his third letter to Mr. Rives, Mr. Lawrence was explaining how far protection had done its work in establishing American manufactures against the world. He concluded that "we have now certainly nothing to fear in the manufacture of yarns as high as No. 14—so far we can go on without protection."

Mr. Hill gives a curious account of a German attempt to make a "Poor Richard" of Abbott Lawrence in 1856, by publishing a pretended document bequeathed him as his sole capital by a rich uncle, and consisting of maxims such as "Never love to spend," "Never run in debt," "Persevere," and the like. "From a laborer and farmer in Virginia," ran this romance, "he became a wealthy manufacturer, an owner of plantations and railroads, of mines and of gold diggings. . . . And he would undoubtedly have become President of the United States if he had not beforehand declined the honor. He died . . . a man of ten millions of dollars, which, like his uncle, he bequeathed to charitable institutions." On the side of charity this transatlantic reputation was, if excessive, not undeserved. Mr. Lawrence, among numberless other benefactions, during his lifetime and by legacy, gave \$50,000 for the erection of model lodging-houses for the poor of Boston, his will directing "that of the net annual income, after all charges for expenses, repairs, etc., had been met, one-half should be distributed to organized public charities, not to individuals, and that the other half should be reserved by the trustees for the increase of the system of buildings." The property is now worth three times the original bequest, and has produced some \$20,000 for the charities indicated. We could wish Mr. Hill had explained why the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard has not proved an equally successful foundation. It is somewhat singular, too, that no mention is made in this volume of the city of Lawrence, Kansas.

McDowell and Tyler in the Campaign of Bull Run. 1861. By James B. Fry, Brevet-Major-General, U. S. A. D. Van Nostrand. 1884.

A FEW years before his death the late Gen Daniel Tyler, who commanded the 1st Division of McDowell's army, wrote a memoir of the battle of Bull Run. It was written entirely from memory, and the author expressed his purpose, before completing it, to examine the official reports of the battle, converse with its survivors, and correct any mistakes he might have made in his narrative. This, however, he failed to do, and after his death the uncorrected memoir was incorporated in a memorial volume published by his friends. This volume was noticed in a communication to the *Evening Post*, and pronounced fresh proof that the history of the war cannot be written until the death of the principal actors in it makes their diaries and private papers accessible. General Fry was the Adjutant-General of McDowell's army, and the little pamphlet whose title we give above is an answer to Tyler's memoir. He does not write from memory, although he was more fully cognizant of the facts than Tyler, but from the official records of the Rebellion, published by the War Department, and his quotations are largely from Tyler's own reports made at the time of the battle.

Tyler's first charge is that the Bull Run campaign "was gotten up by General McDowell and his friends, and was intended to make him the hero of a short war," and that all the accounts of it "were either written or inspired by General McDowell and his friends, intending to shield his military reputation from the condemnation it so richly deserves." This statement, while showing Tyler's animus, is so absurdly foolish that it was unnecessary for General Fry to make so elaborate an answer to it. Tyler then goes on to make more specific charges—that the first misfortune was in halting too early on the march to Centreville; that the battle of Bull Run was lost because of the delay of three days after the affair at Blackburn's Ford; that Tyler surprised Beauregard in that affair, and could have whipped him before sundown had not McDowell recalled him; that the army was supplied with seven days' rations when it began the march, and hence had no need to stop for supplies; and that during the three days' delay no movements were made to ascertain the force and position of the enemy. Each and every one of these statements and several others of less consequence are shown by the records to be directly at variance with the truth. The halt on the march to Centreville was made at Tyler's own instance, who stated that his troops were tired. Tyler had, moreover, failed to execute his orders on that day, and by leisurely following the enemy's rear instead of intercepting it as instructed, had himself produced the first misfortune of the campaign. There were not three days between the affair at Blackburn's Ford and the battle of Bull Run; the former action took place on the evening of the 18th of July (although Tyler persistently speaks of it as happening on the 17th), and the battle on the 21st. The two intervening days were fully occupied in reconnoitring the roads on Bull Run, and in distributing supplies; for the army did not march with seven days' but with only three days' rations, and these had been exhausted. Tyler did not surprise Beauregard, and had no idea at the time that he could "whip him before sundown" or after; he was not recalled by McDowell, but withdrew his troops on his own authority, because they were defeated by a large force of the enemy, and he so reported and testified at the time. On the day of the battle he was ordered to move at an early hour, and subsequently to press the attack at the stone bridge. He did neither, and except in Sherman's brigade, which fought under McDowell's own orders, his division sustained only an insignificant loss and was hardly engaged at all, although it was in the advance and should have sustained the greater part of the action.

That Tyler, in the face of this record, should attempt to write a memoir condemning his commanding officer, and telling what he would have accomplished if he had not been restrained, only shows, as General Fry says, "in what dense ignorance of the campaign Tyler lived and died." It shows, also, that the history of the war is not to be written from diaries and personal recollections made long after the event, but from the official reports and other records made at the time. Tyler must have completely forgotten his own reports and sworn testimony of 1861, or he would not in 1881 have made statements which could at once be refuted by documentary proof. He had a grievance against McDowell, because the latter commented at the time upon his slowness on the morning of the battle. But even with men who have no grievance the memory of events of twenty years past is often strangely at fault, as the following incident will show: In a conversation not long since between several survivors of the war, one of them, an officer of great distinction and unquestioned veracity, related the anxiety with which he watched from

the ramparts of Fortress Monroe the varying phases of the combat between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. Another officer also remembered the same feelings, and quoted the conversation held by him at the time. Yet, on examining the records, it was found that on the day of that battle, March 9, 1862, both these officers were present for duty with their commands in McClellan's army in front of Centreville! Though they were both stationed at Fortress Monroe for long periods afterward, and doubtless often stood on the parapets surveying the roads where the battle was fought and thinking of the momentous consequences that depended on it, yet they did not arrive at the fort until eight days after the battle was over! If officers of the highest character, having no personal interest to warp their memory, can be so strangely at fault in their recollections of an important event, how easy is it for one who fancies injustice has been done him to conjure up in twenty years the strangest fancies in his mind, and write them out as his contribution to history. Of such fancies, at issue with facts, is Tyler's memoir composed; and it and all other memoirs like it must be read with the official records at hand, to make sure that we are reading history and not fiction.

Concord in the Colonial Period: 1635-1689. By Charles H. Walcott. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1884.

LONG before the tale of New England town histories is complete, Mr. Walcott begins the revision of one published fifty years ago. His excuse for going over ground already covered by Shattuck in his 'History of Concord' is, that the antiquarian labors of the last half-century have made accessible much that had formerly to be painfully deciphered in the original manuscript, not to mention new sources of information discovered in the meantime. Accordingly, "in the modern spirit of historical inquiry," he traces the evolution of the town from its planting down to the overthrow of the Andros Government. He does this in a way to inspire the utmost confidence in his fairness and accuracy; and, in spite of frequent documentary citations, his work possesses a good deal of readability. Mr. Walcott finds a strong Kentish infusion in the early settlers, and thinks "it is by no accident that the people of Middlesex County have been equally quick to rise in defense of their rights and to put down the oppressor; for the people of Middlesex derive their origin, in great part, from the freest and most independent of English counties. The patriots of Concord Bridge, Lexington, and Bunker Hill found their prototypes at Hastings and Swanscombe" (p. 48). The same theory should also explain the earlier rebellious and independent disposition of the men of Concord, when, "in 1689, on the Nineteenth of April, an oft-recurring date in American history," they "despatched their military company to Boston, under the command of Lieutenant John Heald, to assist in the revolt" against Andros. A month later, too, on May 20, in town meeting, they voted that if the government chosen under the charter of 1686 could not be reinstated, "our desire is that a council of war may be chosen & settled by our representatives when met together at Boston with the rest of the representatives of the country"—"the only formal declaration sent to the seat of government, of readiness to go to war in defense of popular rights." Concord was noticeably prompt in forming a military company, and since 1686, the year following its settlement, it has never been without one.

In establishing public instruction the town was backward. In the spring of 1665 it was complained of for "not having a latin Schoole Mr," and it does not appear to be quite certain that a

grammar school existed before 1680. "Of the first planters, nearly all the men, and some of the women, could write, but their sons and grandsons not infrequently signed by making a mark; and during the first three generations it was an unusual accomplishment for a woman to be able to write her name." Still, the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the founder, "had a very considerable library for those times, a portion of which he bequeathed to Harvard College." From the instructions received by the selectmen in the year 1672, it appears that the nucleus already existed of a town library. It was enjoined upon those officers "that ceare be taken of the booke of martyrs [Fox's Book of Martyrs] & other booke, that belong to the Towne, that they may be kept from abuse[ive] usage, & not to be lent to a person more than one month at one time." In that same year a further subscription was made by the town in aid of Harvard College, additional to its five-pound contribution from 1653 to 1660; and individual bequests "for the furtherance of Learning" in local channels began in 1687.

When the minister and the schoolmaster did not enter upon the scene simultaneously, the former seemed always the necessary man. It was so in Concord, where they even began with two ministers, whose maintenance soon proved "too heavy a burden for them," to quote Winthrop's words in 1642. The usual controversy between pastor and parish arose with which we are familiar in Puritan annals, and which so often gives a sordid tinge to these. Mr. Walcott's remarks on this head are but just to a generation apparently chargeable with meanness:

"In 1635, the proportion of the number of clergymen in Massachusetts to the entire population was greater than in any other age or country of which we have any knowledge. They were, almost without exception, men of high character, education, and talents; but the difficulty lay in the fact that they were non-producers in a community where the paramount and ever pressing question was, how to produce the necessities of life in sufficient quantity to supply the daily wants of the family. No one would willingly detract from the high consideration due them as ministers to the better instincts and aspirations of their people. State in the strongest terms the value of their presence and influence among the colonists—the problem was still to be solved. The wolf at the door was first to be met, and other considerations were, not unnaturally, forced to yield their claims for a time. . . . Of the earliest graduates of Harvard College, a very large proportion qualified themselves to become ministers; but it is amusing to find that, for lack of employment on this side of the water, some went to England to seek their fortune" (p. 37).

The Indians seem to have been treated by the Concord folk with exceptional humanity, which was not without its reward, as not more than one man is known to have been killed in the limits of the town. The Brookfield massacre, however, in King Philip's war, was too near not to inspire distrust and dread of every Indian, even "Christian or 'Praying' Indians." Hence when some of these, from Nashoba, were ordered by the colonial authorities to Concord in November, 1675, "Mr. John Hoar was the only man in town who was willing to take charge of the miserable remnant." He also happened to be the least popular man, on account of his independent carriage and conversation. He generously provided for his wards in his own buildings, and began a workshop and refuge for them near his own dwelling; and when, in consequence of further massacres, public sentiment called for their removal, he resisted it, with bolts and protests, refused to recognize the authority of the captain who came (quite irregularly) with troops to carry the Indians away, and compelled him to force the door.

There would be much else to glean from this volume if space permitted. We conclude with noticing that under the colonial régime delegates to the annual Courts of Election were not required

to be inhabitants of the town which deputed them; and that when this was changed in 1693 the Concord representative voted nay.

Words; Their Use and Abuse. By William Matthews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Second Edition. 1884.

THE maker of this thick volume (we can hardly call him the author, since it is a kind of scrap-book) disarms criticism by saying, in his preface, that "the work is designed for popular reading, rather than for scholars." He has, he confesses, "picked up his materials freely from all the sources within his reach." And this he has done quite successfully, gathering in a little something of entertainment or instruction from almost every well-known writer on the subject of words. It would have been better, on some accounts, to insert the quotation-marks. A general disclaimer in the preface is hardly enough, since few people of the sort he addresses ever read prefaces. For example, one picks up the book in a railroad car and reads (pp. 369, 370) :

"Language is not only 'fossil poetry,' but it is also fossil philosophy, fossil ethics, and fossil history. . . . Examine it closely, and it will be found to rest upon some palpable or subtle analogy of things material and spiritual, showing that, however trite the image now, the man who first coined the word was a poet."

Some time afterward he reads in Trench's 'Study of Words' (Introductory Lecture) :

"Language may be, and indeed is, this 'fossil poetry'; but it may be affirmed of it with exactly the same truth that it is fossil ethics or fossil history. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things material and things spiritual. . . . The image may have grown trite and ordinary now, . . . yet not the less he who first discerned the relation, and devised the new word, . . . was in his degree a poet."

The danger is that the reader will remember to have seen this before somewhere, and will mentally accuse Archbishop Trench of having been an unscrupulous professional book-manufacturer, which he certainly was not. Sometimes, in cases where the quotation-marks have not been forgotten, this writer's quotations are not made so carefully as the above. For instance, in Emerson's famous epigram, that "the Frenchman invented the ruffle and the Englishman added a shirt," he substitutes "dickey" for "ruffle," which is really wrong.

The original part of the work (if we can be certain which that is: the maker naively tells us in his preface that he cannot) is not often so fatuous as the following :

"Another remarkable fact is, that the vocal organs are so constructed as to be exactly adapted to the properties of the atmosphere which conveys their sounds, while at the same time the organs of hearing are fitted to receive with pleasure the sounds conveyed. Who can estimate the misery that man would experience were his sense of hearing so acute that the faintest whisper would give him pain, loud talking or laughter stun him, and a peal of thunder strike him deaf or dead?"

We have not space for any of the more eloquent passages, but one metaphor we must quote, simply for its value as an example for text-books of rhetoric. Speaking of Shakspere's use of Latin words, he says :

"In his loftiest flights it is on the broad pinions of the Roman eagle that he soars, and we shall find, if we regard him closely, that every feather is plucked from its wing."

The volume contains much that is interesting, and is well adapted to being picked up at odd minutes by those who have few other books. We doubt if any one ever reads through a book that is so little consecutive. It belongs to that class of works which people think will be admirable for somebody else to read—the unfortunate "young," for the most part—and so buy them to give away

If, in the process of being scrapped up from all sorts of sources, the volume contains some pretty wild "science," it is no worse than "popular science" in general. And it matters very little to the audience addressed whether or no *gibberish* comes from *giber*; and *petit* from *petitus*; and *right* from *rectus*; and *prance* from *proud* and *dance*; or whether the Anglo-Saxon was chiefly a language of monosyllables. The main point for them is to follow the exhortations not to say "*lay for lie*," and never to say "*setting-room*." Only the best sentiments are encouraged throughout the work, and the many humorous anecdotes, if sometimes very familiar, are chosen with good taste.

Reminiscences of Newport. By George Champlin Mason. Illustrated. Newport: C. E. Hammatt, Jr. 1884. 4to, pp. 407.

In this handsome volume are brought together the entertaining papers contributed during several years by the author to the Providence *Journal* and the *Evening Post*, under the signatures of "Aquadneck" and "Champlin" respectively. It is characteristic of Newport that its attractiveness as a summer resort was one of its early features. When Berkeley (not "Bishop" then, nor until long after his return to Ireland) landed in 1729, he was welcomed by the Redwoods from Antigua, the De Courcy from Ireland, the Grants, and Edward Scott (the uncle of Sir Walter), from Scotland, the Bretts from Germany, and others who, like himself, were temporary residents, attracted by the climate and the beauty of the place. Both before and after the Revolution, Newport was the favorite summer resort of Southerners, and the journey by water from Charleston was pleasanter and more easy than the long land-route in those primitive days. The French officers who were quartered in Newport during the Revolution never failed to send their friends thither on their frequent visits to the New World, and thus Newport kept up a close intimacy with the Old. The Friends who found a welcome in Newport, brought not only wealth and business, but much cultivation and refinement, and "Quaker Point" is still occupied by the descendants of the old Philadelphia Friends, whose intermarriages with those of Newport and New Bedford supplied new ties to the old faith. The Early Theatre, Old Dances, Old Time Frolics, Old Signs, Old Invitations, Old Miniatures, Old China, are some of the special topics on which Mr. Mason dwells with the affection and the intimate knowledge of a local antiquarian, and indeed these are subjects much better worth studying than many of those generally selected as illustrations of local history. Even the names of the old dances are suggestive, as "A Successful Campaign," "Lady Hancock," "Stony Point"; and Mr. Mason has unearthed descriptions of the way they were danced, figures—decorations, and music—showing that dancing, like dressing, in those good old days, was a much more complicated and elaborate business than now.

The story of the Fellowship Club, founded by captains sailing out of Newport, in 1752, has a characteristic incident in the description of the dinner given in 1789 by the members of the Club who were not utterly ruined by the losses that followed the Stamp Act, to those of their number who were in the "King's Bench Prison" as debtors, when of course high honor was paid to the leaders of the Opposition in Parliament, the recognized friends of America—Chatham, Camden, Conway, Barré, Burke—and to the representative of independence, General Paoli. The Club still exists in the "Marine Society" of our day, but it limits its usefulness to keeping its members out of prison by aid from the income of its modest endowment. As early as 1781, the

theatre became an established institution in Newport, and to this day it flourishes as if in evidence of the liberal spirit which has always marked the local authorities and society. Even now, among the best of the amateur players at the Casino, there are found local actors with good old Newport names, and while Newport has supplied some well-known professional performers to the stage, it has also furnished a home and a hearty welcome to many of its leaders—Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, Jefferson, and Warren, to mention no others. The New York Mercantile Library now owns a curious collection of more than five hundred plays, once part of a Newport 'Hammond's Circulating Library.'

Mr. Mason has unearthed a bill for instruction at a dame's school in the early part of the century:

For one quarter's schooling.....	\$1.50.
For fuel extra.....	25.

He remarks the copperplate hand of it, and one can but be struck with the beautiful writing of some old invitations of the same period, reproduced here, mostly from the papers of Christopher Gant Champlin, to whom they were sent when he was sitting in Congress in Philadelphia. Mr. Mason tells characteristic anecdotes of some of the famous men who have visited or resided in Newport—Talleyrand, Kosciusko, Steuben, La Fayette; and indeed his roll is so large that it is to be regretted that he has not supplied an index of names for easy reference to the text. The volume closes with a reprint of an article by Mr. George C. Mason, Jr., an architect by profession, originally printed in the *Magazine of American History*, on the Old Stone Mill, in which the theory that it is a relic of the Northmen is pretty thoroughly exploded. On technical and historical grounds it seems undeniable that the mill dates from the last quarter of the seventeenth century, and was designed and built by Governor Benedict Arnold. Without further enumeration of its contents, we recommend this book both for passing amusement and as a permanent possession.

Man, Woman, and Child. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

As far as it was the aim of the sermons which make up this book to lay before a congregation the arguments of the most competent authorities upon the general subject of the development of the individual through the progress of society (by society meaning organized human life), they were admirably done. The origins of law, the primitive ideas of marriage, the growth of individual responsibility, are all matters upon which a minister may well instruct his congregation, adding to his instruction that force of personal conviction which is the mainspring of his power. The ideal that is presented throughout is pure and lofty, and no thoughtful listener could have failed to see that in these theories and arguments lies the best hope of the race. It is with regret, therefore, that we find what may be called the practical application of the book so inadequate. That which will be most talked about, that which will in actual fact be most likely to be applied to daily life, is the least thoughtful, the least logical of the whole. The two chapters on "Woman's Sphere" and "Careers for Our Daughters," if not the *raison d'être* of the book, make its culminating point. Nowhere in public speech or print are judgment and caution so imperatively needed as in these matters, most of all from the ministers, who are, for the great majority of women, the only educated men with whom they come into personal contact. That is not a too careful man who can say in his pulpit, "I think that if I were in Russia I should be a Nihilist"; and when Mr. Savage talks about the wrongs and needs of wo-

men, he forgets the thoughtful reasoning of his earlier chapters, and permits himself to fall into catch-phrases and sophistry which cannot possibly help any one. He uses very justly the oft-repeated tale of the hardships endured by sewing-women as an argument for industrial schools, but the insuperable difficulty about wages is found in the fact that if one woman will not finish shirts at seven cents a dozen, there are seven others waiting behind her who will. The long line that steadily, however slowly, presses on from every country village toward the great cities, is an element in the problem with which Mr. Savage makes no reckoning. His strictures upon the views of society as to women who work are at least ten years out of date.

In many other points more study of the case and far more care in expression were indispensable to make the execution of the book equal to what was, we are glad to say, evidently the design of the writer. We are speaking of no light matter. Human progress is always costly, and if women are to be brought up to even rank with men it can only be done by paying in person. For that very reason it behoves every one who has the opportunity to speak, or upon whom rests the duty of it, not to make the sacrifice of life or of happiness heavier than it must be, and therefore to choose only words that can be helpful—that will not waken the restlessness, the discontent which lead through vain hopes to disappointment and bitterness.

Number One, and How to Take Care of Him. By Joseph J. Pope. Funk and Wagnalls. 1884. Pp. 100.

THERE is something very paradoxical in the persistent anti-selfishness, so to say, of the human race in regard to matters of hygiene. Everybody knows how completely his personal happiness and comfort and his capacity for work are dependent on the physical well-being of his body; but all those simple rules of conduct which alone can bring about this result are constantly neglected as trifles hardly worthy of notice by the vast majority of mankind. They eat too much or too fast, drink too much ice water and other injurious liquids, poison their lungs with the air of ill-ventilated rooms, clothe themselves in apparel of uncomfortable pattern and hurtful material, etc. As long as this state of affairs continues, all kinds of books on the subject of hygiene should perhaps be welcomed, even if they are as gossipy and whimsical as the present little work by a retired staff-surgeon. The book contains a considerable number of funny stories and many curious facts, and can therefore be read not only with profit but with interest by such as would be repelled by a more sober and scientific treatment of the subject. Mr. Pope's conclusions and teachings are generally on the right side, and his advice is not neutralized by any extreme views. In regard to alcohol, e. g., while convinced that total abstinence is the best thing, and that children should never taste it, he concedes that there may be no harm in the daily consumption of a pint of claret or three pints of beer. The chapter on "Fashion and Figure" might be profitably read in all our female seminaries.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Hatfield, J. T. *Elements of Sanskrit Grammar.* Evans-
ton, Ill.: George W. Muir.
House on the Marsh. A Romance. D. Appleton & Co.
25 cents.
Huntington, F. *What Fide Remembers.* Thomas Y. Crow-
ell. \$1.25.
Massey, J. *The Atomic Theory of Lucretius Contrasted
with Modern Doctrines of Atoms and Evolution.* London:
George Bell & Sons.
Parker, J. *Apostolic Life as Revealed in the Acts of the
Apostles.* Vol. II. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.50.
Parton, J. *Captains of Industry; or, Men of Business
Who Did Something Besides Making Money.* Boston:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Peck, Prof. W. G. Text-Book of Popular Astronomy, for the Use of Colleges, Academies, and High Schools. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$5.50 cents.
 Prentiss, Parker. Handbook of Latin Writing. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 55 cents.
 Practical Work in the School-Room. Part I. A Transcript of the Object Lessons of the Human Body Given in Primary Department, Grammar School No. 49, New York City. A. Lowell & Co. 75 cents.
 Ponce de Leon, N. Diccionario Tecnológico. Part 8. N. Ponce de Leon, 40 Broadway. 50 cents.
 Raum, G. B. The Existing Conflict between Republican Government and Southern Oligarchy. Washington: Green B. Raum. \$1.50.
 Rae, J. Contemporary Socialism. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.
 Reville, Prof. A. The Native Religions of Mexico and Peru. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 Rich, Helen H. A Dream of the Adirondacks, and other Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
 Rosenthal, W. H. A Reader of German Literature for High Schools, Colleges, and German-American Schools. With Notes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
 Sime, W. Hago the Dreamer: a Tale of Scotch University Life. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 15 cents.

Smedley, F. E. Frank Fairleigh. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.
 Storrs' Dictionary of the English Language. Parts 4. Circumvent-Creatate. Crept-Dissalify. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 25 cents each.
 Stanley, T. L. An Outline of the Future Religion of the World. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
 Stories by American Authors. VI. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents.
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